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RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. I.
A victim of the Typhus. A peasant's home of the better class.

A FAR-REACHING CHARITY. II.

By B. F. TILLINGHAST,
SECRETARY OF THE IOWA RUSSIAN FAMINE RELIEF COMMISSION.

THE arrival of the Iowa supplies in the dominions of the czar had been more than anticipated. Dr. J. B. Hubbell, the General Field Agent of the American Red Cross Society, started for Russia April 9th, invested with full power to act both for the society and the Iowa donors. Dr. Hubbell* is a man of the most modest manner, thoughtful, experienced, daunted by no obstacle, and always having reserved resources at command. He was born on the banks of the Mississippi, in Jackson county, Iowa. His father was a member of the territorial

*Dr. Hubbell's portrait appears in the April MIDLAND.—Ed.

legislature and of the first general assembly. The doctor graduated from Ann Arbor in 1884, and located at the national capital, having identified himself with the Red Cross four years earlier. He has seen trying service in the Michigan forest fires, the Mississippi and Ohio river floods, the Charleston earthquake, the yellow fever in Florida, the drought in Texas, the flood in Johnstown. Last July, with a band of Red Cross nurses, he attended the victims of the cyclone at Pomeroy in our state, the bread cast upon the waters by Iowa having thus been returned. It is worthy of remark that the Red Cross was the only organization outside the state to send relief in our time of extremity. During the past five months Dr. Hubbell has, with a large force of assistants, all under the direction of Miss Barton, been ministering to the thirty thousand sufferers on the Sea Islands off South Carolina. Enroute to St. Petersburg, Dr. Hubbell stopped six days in Rome to attend, as a delegate, the international conference of the Red Cross; a meeting at which were present the representatives of thirty-eight nations.

The Tynehead is one of the largest ocean freighters, a modern well-decked ship, with a carrying capacity of 3,400 long, or 3,808 short tons of 2,000 pounds. Her coal capacity is 672,000 pounds, leaving for her cargo room for 6,944,000 pounds. This is equivalent to 231 carloads of grain as they started from Iowa. Her length is 278 feet, beam 39 feet, and she draws 20 feet 10 inches of water. She carries a crew of 23 men. Her captain, John Thomas Tertius Carr, is of Russian stock, both his father and grandfather having served as Russian consuls at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where Captain Carr was born. He has been at sea twenty-four years.

The Tynehead's cargo comprised 95,656 bushels of corn in bulk; 21,201 bushels in bags; 402 sacks meal; 731 sacks flour; 10 bags wheat; 9 bags rye; 2 boxes hospital stores; 1 barrel bacon; 1 box canned goods, and 1 barrel grain and 1 box drugs, the latter specially given for Count Tolstoi.

The cargo just itemized does not contain the full measure of Iowa's gratuity to Russia. The millers of some forty towns gave 51,160 pounds, or 260 barrels of flour, which went by the steamship Missouri, in March. The people of Cedar Falls sent direct to

the American legation in St. Petersburg, \$1,033. And there were in the hands of State Treasurer Beeson and others, after it was too late to convert the money into corn, \$4,959, which amount was remitted to Miss Barton. I have reason to believe that at least \$5,000 was forwarded to Russia by individuals and church societies which did not pass through the Iowa commission. The total realized is, therefore, population considered, larger than the aggregate of any other state, while in the actual number of contributors Iowa is far in the lead.

After a voyage of baffling winds and heavy seas the Tynehead reached Riga May 27th. The narrative abroad is dependent mainly upon the frequent and detailed letters of Dr. Hubbell, the correspondence of Charles Emory Smith, then American ambassador to Russia, Count A. A. Bobrinskoy, Rev. William Hilton, of the



COUNT BOBRINSKOV,
Representative of the Czarovich's Relief Committee and a member
of the Red Cross.

British and American church, St. Petersburg, and others who were zealous in the cause of a charity almost equal in breadth and depth to the extent of the famine itself. Dr. Hubbell writes from St. Petersburg, May 16, 1892 :

"Last evening I listened to the reading of a number of letters from the different provinces in the famine district. Many of them were extracts from private letters intended only for the one person to whom they were addressed. All tell the same wretched tale, only in different ways and words. One aged lady of seventy-four, of noble family and former wealth, who was known to be the last

of the house, and who had taken a room in the home of her former steward to pass the remaining days near her dead, told how happy she was in having opened a soup-kitchen for the children who came in relays, as directed by their parents who had nothing for them; how grateful and orderly they were, even though they could be served only every other day, her means not allowing it. She will soon have more and in abundance.

"A letter from Count Leon Tolstoi, son of the author, reports his method of distributing the American flour at Easter-time among the many thousands. They had never seen such beautiful flour. The recipients all offered prayer for the Americans who had sent them such food.

"The Anglo-American committee estimate the number of famine sufferers at thirty-five million. Two-thirds of their cattle and horses have been lost or sold.

"The call on General Kauffmann, in company with our American secretary of legation and *charge de affaires*, was all that could be desired. We learned that the Red Cross and czarévitch committee are practically one; that the work of the Anglo-American committee had been in every way acceptable. The amount and nature of the Tynehead's cargo being known, the number of cars, here called wagons, necessary for transportation to the interior, are furnished by the czarévitch and the Red Cross committees for free transportation. The apportionment of cars to each consignee is made beforehand, and he is notified. Mr. Hilton, the head of the Russian steam linseed oil mill, and who has been here thirty years, gives his whole time to relief work. He says he would be willing to guarantee personally that eighty per cent of the grain and goods will be faithfully distributed, and that he believes the remaining twenty per cent will be honestly used, and in the spirit desired by the donors.

"Our German-American friends in Iowa will be gratified to know that Mr. Muhler—the name speaks for itself—has been one of the large distributors in the German colony in the province of Samara, at Saratoff. He is of the firm of Alexander Muhler and Brothers.

"You will understand what satisfaction I feel in seeing and knowing that the gifts of the generous people of Iowa are to serve

precisely the ends they wish. After the Tynehead's cargo is unloaded I shall follow it to the interior, to such points as may be practical, and make report from personal observation for the information of the donors, although it does not seem to me at all necessary."

The scene is next transferred to Riga, one of the deepest harbors on the Baltic, and the one selected for the delivery of Iowa's grain, by advice of the Russian ambassador at Washington and



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. II.

Fever patients. Interior of a well-to-do peasant's home—on the right a typical Mujik, or peasant.

because the railroad facilities there are the most direct for transportation to the desolate provinces. Dr. Hubbell's record continues, under date of May 27th :

"I came here from St. Petersburg with Count Bobrinskoy, who represents the committee of the Grand Duke, and who has had charge of loading and forwarding to the interior all the American cargoes that have arrived in Russia. We were met by our American consul, Mr. Bornholdt, a large shipping merchant of this city, whose business is also unloading of ships, and it is he who has unloaded all the other relief cargoes here and at Libau. We paid our respects to the governor of the city and province.

He understood our business, wrote an order for his ship to be ready at five o'clock, and invited us to accompany him to meet the Tynehead which must anchor some miles outside the city—an hour's ride by steamer—till she can unload a part of her cargo by lighters. Three hundred and twenty imperial cars are already here to take the grain. As soon as these are loaded they are to be started forward, and have the right of way over all trains. The Iowa cargo will be more widely distributed than any other that has been received. Some of it must be carried nearly 3,500 miles. A part will be sent via Nije Norvgorod on the Volga river, thence by steamer to Perm, where it will be again loaded on cars and sent as far as trains run, to towns on the far eastern termini of the railroads."

"RIGA, May 29th. The governor's ship, with His Excellency the Governor; Count Bobrinskoy, representing the czarevitch committee; N. von Cramer, the Red Cross of the province of Livonia; R. Kerkovius, president of the Exchange committee, of Riga; Von Reichardt, chief of police; Von Kelderman, chief of customs; Von Nagel, captain of the port; N. P. Bornholdt, United States consul, and myself on board, steamed down the river through the harbor, an hour's sail, to where the Tynehead was anchored with all her flags and streamers flying, and already discharging into the lighters. We were cordially received by the captain. He had been through some bad weather, during which he was very anxious about his cargo. After an hour on board we returned to Riga, bringing Captain Carr and lunching on the Governor's ship. At five o'clock the party dined at the Governor's house. Dinner over, the captain was presented a beautiful tea service of Russian enameled, inlaid work. The hospitalities extended are marked."

"May 29th. Every facility is offered by every official and person to help the unloading. The Tynehead came into port alongside the wharf early this morning, for she was discharging her cargo all night. The consul gives his services and those of his men free. One hundred and forty of the men, who were waiting all day Friday, and who are now working night and day in unloading the ship, are giving their labor free. The same is true of the twelve women who, with needle and thread, are sewing up the holes and rents in the bags, working in the hold and on the wharf,

wherever their thread will save from waste. This, to me, is the deepest expression of the universal gratitude that is felt all over Russia for the sympathy that has come to her in ships and in money from America ; for these are common, working peasants. They live in a province not affected directly by the famine ; but when opportunity offers they work night and day. They join with America in giving all they have to give to the hungry peasants."

It was the expressed wish of many of the Iowa contributors that their names should be withheld. It was the study of the Red Cross president, Miss Clara Barton,* not to invite attention or to obtrude its offerings in any way that might suggest the slightest recognition. This explanation makes more clear the next extract from Doctor Hubbell's letters :

"It is understood that no public effort or demonstration is expected or desired ; but one sees the quiet expression of gratitude everywhere in the conduct of the people. And one is surprised at the number of United States flags on ships, while on the custom house no other flag is floating. The American colors and flags are crossed over the hotel entrances. In the shop windows are displayed title-pages of sheet music bearing the American flag in colors, 'Hail Columbia,' 'Yankee Doodle,' 'The Star Spangled Banner.' Children are carrying our flags in the streets, and even out in the country one will see them while passing in the railway train. This afternoon I saw a boy waving a flag on one side of which was the stars and stripes, and on the other the Russian national colors.

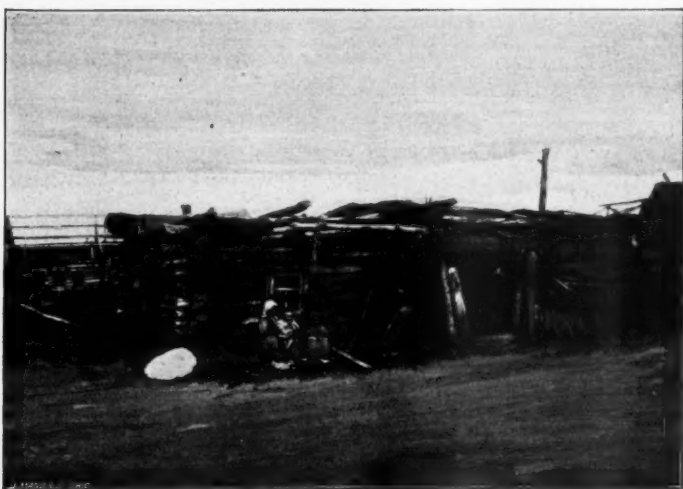
"We were again at the ship this Sunday morning. Half the cargo is out, all in good condition. The conduct of the laborers has touched me deeply.

"It has seemed best to send the corn in bags, both for convenience and safety of distribution. So we have purchased 30,000 bags here, and keep the corn in those which come from the ship. We must have several thousand more, as the bags here are smaller than they are in America.

"Two trains of empty cars stand alongside the wharf, and the bags are carried direct to the cars. As soon as the cars are filled they are all sealed, shifted, weighed and forwarded to consignees.

*Miss Clara Barton's portrait appeared in the April MIDLAND.

"Tuesday morning. The work of discharging the Tynehead's cargo was finished at eight o'clock. At noon every car was on its way to the interior. Every person and every official from the governor down; all the river, harbor, municipal and railway forces have offered every help in their power to assist in the work of unloading. The telephone has been kept open all night, with special connections. The railroad sent a special train at night to carry bags when it was learned the supply would fall short. The custom house officials placed their ships at our disposal.



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. III.

Peasants' homes of the poorer class, from which the roofs have been taken for fuel to keep the inmates from freezing.

"June 1st. Many courtesies have been extended which I have not accepted because I wish to save the people as much as possible from the trouble, expense and responsibilities not necessary from a practical point of view to the getting of the cargo to the interior. They have already done enough, and too much, in Riga. Notwithstanding the repeated desire that no unnecessary ceremonies be made, dinners and theatre parties have been made, and extended excursions urged. These had to be declined."

"Moscow, June 4. To facilitate distribution, I arranged to keep the New York bags, paying for them with Red Cross funds,

and also bought 43,000 more, so that the entire cargo left Riga in bags."

The formal tender of the Iowa food supplies by Dr. Hubbell, of the American Red Cross, to General Kauffmann, president of the Red Cross of Russia, was an act requiring more than ordinary prudence and discernment in view of all the circumstances that existed. As connected with the imperial government, General Kauffmann is counsellor in the department of economics, having to consider all proposed questions of change or modification in the economies of the empire before final approval of the emperor. It



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. IV.

Food Station — Weighing Scales — Peasants receiving American corn meal and flour.

will be conceded that the American representative was equal to the occasion. The presentation was made in these words :

"HONORED PRESIDENT : I desire to express my thanks for the courtesies and privileges of being acquainted with the every day, practical work of the Red Cross of Russia, as shown by the kindness of your secretaries. Nowhere have I seen more completely comfortable and generous provision for the general care of the sick than here in the institutions of the Red Cross and under its work. And there can be no doubt that the practical experience that the workers are receiving daily will greatly increase their

efficiency for service in time of war. It will be a pleasure to make a report to the American Society of the thorough work of the Russian Society in time of peace.

"Regarding the arrival of the cargo by the ship Tynehead, I trust your excellency has already understood by our *charge de affaires* that no public demonstrations are desired. This cargo is from the people of the agricultural state, Iowa, some of whom have suffered from failure of crops in their own country and thus the more keenly appreciate similar conditions that others may suffer when such a vast territory as the interior of the Russian empire is denied rain season after season in succession; and they have simply taken this method of expressing their sympathy, for it is their custom to give in like manner in their own country whenever occasions of calamity or suffering of any kind require the aid of outside help.

"At this particular time they feel that, perhaps, the same rains which were withheld from their brothers in Russia have given the increase to their own crops, which have been unusually abundant the past year, and thus added duty to desire. Moreover there is a deep brotherly feeling throughout the nation, for our people as a people never forget that Russia has always been the friend of America.

"And, further, the arrangements of your various committees in the matters of distribution leave nothing to be done."

The acceptance was gracious and at the same time characteristic and tender in feeling. Gen. Kauffmann wrote:

"I am eager to express to you my most sincere thankfulness for the sympathetic account of the activity of the Russian Red Cross Society which you have been so kind as to give in your letter. You have had occasion to persuade yourself of the common direction of the Russian and American Societies of the Red Cross, by which the help to our fellow creatures is not restricted to the relief of suffering in time of war, but it is extended to all the cases of national calamity, from the gratuitous medical treatment of the poor to the large help afforded in times of epidemic disease, famine and other calamities. It is to me a great pleasure to see the sympathy of the American people to the Russian, the proofs of which have been in the last years so evident. As you are

entrusted by the American Red Cross to express this feeling of sympathy to our society, I beg you to believe the heartfelt expressions of the like feeling from our side, which I pray to present in our name to your society, and to the people of Iowa.

"The gift brought by the Tynehead will be accepted with deep gratitude and distributed amongst the needy people according to the wish of the givers, through the attendance of the beneficent committee under the august presidency of his imperial majesty, the heir to the crown."

Dr. Hubbell has been quoted as saying that no American cargo was so widely distributed as that furnished by Iowa. It is difficult to realize the true force of this without verification by the map. The official order made out in advance, a copy of which is before the writer, covers several sheets of foolscap. What may be called the title-page takes this form :

AMERICAN SHELLED MAIZE CORN.
STEAMER TYNEHEAD.
IOWA CARGO.

From the United States Red Cross Society to Russian Red Cross. Distribution or assignment made by the committee of the British and American church, St. Petersburg. May 20, 1892. W. HILTON, Deacon.

Then follow, in the most scrupulous tabular order, the name of the province, the name of the person to whom assigned, the center of distribution, the number of pounds of maize flour, of wheat flour, the pounds of bacon, the number of cars,—so that every article can be traced to its destination. The recipients include men and women of high and low station, in one case a university professor, in the next a prince, in the third a pastor, in the fourth a colonel in the army, a general, an engineer, a count, a doctor, to the number of eighty individuals. A single mention must suffice : Count Tolstoi received fourteen carloads of shelled corn. In every instance the character of the recipient was above reproach and well known as worthy of every confidence. It would be wearisome to name the many towns, there being an average of five for every province, and there were sixteen provinces—Kazan, Simbirsky, Perm, Saratoff, Samara, Reazan, Tamboff, Orloff, Toula, Smolensky, Ufa, Nyegorod, Charkoff, Orenburg, Worouesh and Peuza.

I wish it were in the reasonable scope of this article to include sketches of the Russian officials and men of prominence whose

unselfish and zealous coöperation made the relief work so effective, particularly those who took upon their shoulders the responsibility for the handling of the supplies filling the five ships from America. Some facts about at least one or two of them may serve to change some erroneous impressions that have been too hastily formed.

Count Alexander A. Bobrinskoy, representing the czarevitch's relief committee, is a member of the Red Cross. He was in immediate charge of transportation, and it was he who personally attended to forwarding all the gifts that reached Russia from the United States. He is a young man, of remarkable executive ability, and very popular. Born in 1859, he entered the University of St. Petersburg in 1877, remaining till 1881, when he was graduated. For a time he was joined to the Hussar regiment. Afterward he was marshal of the district of Charcossie, in the province of Kieve. In 1888, he was transferred to the department of economics, where he is now one of the secretaries. The Count has three brothers living.

The Bobrinskoy's are descendants from Queen Catherine, the Great. Their estates lie in the south of Russia. On the liberation of the serfs they gave up to them, or to the government, 70,000 acres of the 100,000 belonging to their estate. The grandfather built the first railway, and also the first factories for making sugar from beets, in Russia; the sugar business being still carried on by the family, and having a large export as well as domestic trade. A fine monument was erected by the government of Kieve commemorating the name of the grandfather as a public benefactor. Count Bobrinskoy's wife was Countess Shovaloff, whose father was one of the principal actors in the emancipation of the serfs.

A typical incident, for which the note-book of the Iowa representative is drawn upon :

"On my way to the interior, while at Moscow, a dispatch was received from Count Bobrinskoy, saying his brother was enroute to the famine districts of Toula, and asking if I would accompany him. The invitation was gladly embraced.

"The count related to me one of his experiences when going over the ground to see how the relief work had been done. He

came, he said, to one village that was in an exceptionally bad condition, and asked of the *zemstvo* (the local elective assembly for the oversight and regulation of affairs within its territory) if a kitchen could not be established. The reply was in the negative, the reason given being there was no one to manage it. 'But,' said the count, in substance, 'you have a school here; the teacher can take charge of the kitchen.' The answer was, 'No, he is not capable. He is too slow and of no account, and we intend to get rid of him as soon as we can find some one to take his place.



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. V.

A peasants' soup kitchen established by the Red Cross—On the left, a Priest—On the right, the better class of peasant home.

'There is not now a person in the village who could conduct a kitchen.'

"The count in his rounds came to the schoolhouse, and found, as he had been told, that the master did look miserable enough. He wore an old, threadbare and even ragged coat. It was learned he had not received his wages for some months past, because there was no money to pay him. The enrollment showed sixty pupils, of whom there were but fifteen present. When asked where the others were the master replied that it was so near the holiday time, only ten days, that he had allowed them to go home. The count turned to one of the boys, asking if he had been supplied

with food that day. He replied that he had had a breakfast of warm soup. Similar answers were elicited from all in the room. When pressed as to where they got the warm soup the pupils revealed that for two weeks the master had given it to them. The master stood in the corner, his face very red. It was then learned that when the master found his pupils coming to school without food he began to use the savings he had laid by, for he could not collect his wages as they became due. He had been feeding the children until his purse would no longer allow him to serve all, and those remaining were the most needy ones. The count furnished the master with means; a soup-kitchen was established with the teacher in charge. There was no one to charge that he was not a competent man, again."

Dr. Hubbell adds: "And this is only another of the many samples of like character that might be given." In truth many are given in the private correspondence on file.

While America was so active in this charity, what was the government of Russia doing for its own unfortunates? This question in all its forms has been asked. It was often propounded during the Iowa campaign. Let the United States ambassador to St. Petersburg, an official who informed himself on the subject, answer. The Hon. Charles Emory Smith has written:

"In the presence of this national disaster the Russian government has not been passive. Without reviewing the administrative system, it must be said that it has sought to grapple in liberal measures with the tremendous problem. Before the first of March, 1892, it had appropriated 150,000,000 rubles, or \$75,000,000 for this purpose, and the direct outlay by June can hardly be less than 200,000,000 rubles. Besides this, taxes have been remitted, and work has been furnished where practicable. Vast quantities of grain have been bought and brought from the rich fields of the Caucasus, though, with the limited means of communication and the loss of horses, it has been difficult to convey it to the regions remote from the railroads. Large public works, employing hundreds of thousands of men, have been undertaken. The forests of the imperial domain have been opened to the peasants for fuel. The proprietary class have, as a rule, in this emergency, proved worthy of their position and responsibilities. There are single

families taking care of as many as twenty thousand people. The women, especially, have come forward with a consecration and self-sacrifice which command admiration. If it were not invidious or indelicate many cases might be cited of ladies of gentle birth who have left their homes, braved the dangers of disease, faced the hardships of an unaccustomed and trying life, and given up weeks and months to the feeding of the hungry and ministering to the sick. One thing ought in fairness to be said. The emperor has been published abroad as indifferent. It is only just to remark that this peculiar kind of indifference has been manifested not merely in a vigorous direction of the later governmental operations of relief, even to the summary dismissal of inefficient agents, but in gifts from his private purse, which, if the belief of St. Petersburg can be accepted, amount to fifteen or twenty times all the contributions of all the world outside of Russia."

Ambassador Smith estimates that the American donations supported more than 700,000 people for a month. This may be accepted as the result of their practical work for humanity.

For more than two years, or since the first contribution from the United States found its way to the huts of the miserable, expressions and tokens of the deep gratitude felt among Russians, from czar to peasant, have been received. The best evidence of all is the intangible and inexpressible; the tender and overflowing thankfulness of the afflicted people. There is room left for record of but a few of the widely differing acknowledgments.

W. C. Edgar, Minneapolis, who spent some weeks studying the situation where hunger's pain was most pressing, says: "Should our country ever know the terrors of famine I believe that Russia would be the first to help us. Our slight offerings have touched the people, and America to-day is honored here above all nations."

The mayor of St. Petersburg, in an address on behalf of that city to American donors, declared: "The Russian people know how to be grateful. If up to this day these two great countries, Russia and the United States, have not only never quarreled, but, on the contrary, wished each other prosperity and strength always, these feelings of sympathy shall grow only stronger in the future—both countries being conscious that, in the season of trial for either,

it will find in the other cordial succor and support. And when can true friendship be tested if not in the hour of misfortune?"

A peasant of Samara sent to a Russian editor, together with three colored eggs, a letter which he asked to have forwarded to America. It appeared in the *Century Magazine*. An extract: "Christ is risen! To the merciful benefactors, the protectors of the poor, the feeders of the starving, the guardians of the orphans—Christ is risen. North Americans! May the Lord grant you a peaceful and long life and prosperity to your land, and may your fields give abundant harvest,—Christ is risen, Your mercifulness



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. VI.

A village soup kitchen—A typical Russian village, showing one side of the street.

gives us a helping hand. Through your charity you have satisfied the starving. And for your magnificent alms accept from me this humble gift, which I send to the entire American people for your great beneficence, from all the hearts of the poor, filled with feelings of joy."

Count Bobrinskoy, writing officially to the secretary of the Iowa Russian Famine Relief Commission, used these words: "It gives me very great pleasure indeed to express to you the sincere appreciation that the Russian people entertain toward the splendid work organized in America for the relief of the sufferers in our famine-stricken districts. I can assure you that the same deep gratitude

is felt, not only by the poor who have received the generous American contributions, but also by us all, who, having worked for this relief, know how much it was needed. I know by Dr. Hubbell how great was the activity of your people, as well as that of Miss Clara Barton, in sending us the Tynehead, and how much you have done in the interest of our people. The names of Indiana, Missouri, Conemaugh, Tynehead and Leo will always remind us of the most beautiful example of international charity and fraternal love that history has, perhaps, ever mentioned."



RUSSIAN FAMINE SCENE. VII.
Red Cross Nurses in a Typhus Hospital.

Russia's exhibit at the World's Columbian Exposition has been pronounced the largest and the most costly ever made by the empire at an international fair. The central government did everything that could be done to induce manufacturers and producers to take part in the great American enterprise. The emperor gave an order that all expenses whatsoever necessary to make a full and favorable exhibit of Russian goods at Chicago should be paid out of the imperial treasury. The American consul-general at St. Petersburg, in explaining the effort made, wrote for the *North American Review*, November, 1892: "The evident [feeling of genuine friendship shown by the Russian, of whatever class or creed, for America or Americans, and which has become intensified greatly by the humane contributions of the American people to the

sufferers of Russia during the past year, has done much to further interest in this empire in the World's Columbian Exposition."

The Iowa visitors to the International Congress of Charities, held in Chicago, June 12-17, 1893, heard from the Russian delegates, in open meeting, many cordial expressions of affection for this world-wide object lesson which was not as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

On the first anniversary of the arrival of the Iowa ship, Tynehead, at Riga, there was a significant event in Philadelphia. The Russian man-of-war, the Dimitre Donskoi, the flagship of the North Atlantic squadron, anchored in the Delaware river. The vessel was decorated with flags, and the officer of the day was the Grand Duke Alexander. By special invitation of this representative of the czar Dr. Hubbell and the nine other American commissioners who went to Russia in behalf of the donors were present on board. They were received with the most impressive honors. The czar had sent by his officer gifts, and the presentations were made in the name of his majesty, under the imperial flag. A large oaken trunk contained ten boxes of polished wood, and each of these was inscribed: "In remembrance of your visit to Russia." Accompanying each was a letter expressive of his majesty's gratitude. The tokens were all magnificent specimens of Russian art work in silver. The Iowa Commissioner's was a decanter of cut glass ornamented with silver and gilt enamel, and six cups.

The Department of State at Washington, under date of January 11, 1894, forwarded the following: "I have to inform you that on November 7, 1893, the United States minister at St. Petersburg received from the nobility of that city, through their marshal, Count Alexis Bobrinskoy, an address to the people of the United States. This address, which is in the English language, embodies, in terms fitly chosen, the thanks of the Russian people to the American for the aid sent to their country from our own during the famine periods of the past two years; it is beautifully engrossed and its illumination embraces water-color drawings which render it a most attractive work of art. The document, which is superbly bound and enclosed in a fine case, was duly forwarded to this city by Minister White and will be given a conspicuous place in the library of this Department."

But the people of Iowa wanted no formal or other recognition of their small bounty. They gave of their abundance, as they are wont to give when emergency calls, from far or near. Their ample recompense is found in the consciousness of a duty done.

A VILLAGE ROMANCE.

BY HELEN HOYT SHERMAN.

MISS PRISCILLA HASKINS was to give a tea party that afternoon and the faded, genteel little parlor, with its faded, genteel little hostess, presented quite a festive appearance. The hour was at hand and everything in readiness. The tea table with its snowy cloth and quaint china stood near the open window, and the shiny brass kettle, whose lamp Miss Priscilla had ighted some ten minutes previously (lifting it off the table so that the burnt match would not fall on the cloth), boiled noisily. Miss Priscilla, her silvery hair smoothed neatly back under her best lace cap, sat with folded hands serenely awaiting her guests.

There was a subdued murmur of voices on the veranda, a gentle jangle of the door-bell, and then a rosy-cheeked maid ushered in three ladies, all as genteel and quite as faded as Miss Priscilla herself. The preliminary bustle of removing bonnets and adjusting caps over, there was a slight lull. A general air of expectancy prevailed, heightened by a warm, spicy odor, and by the singing kettle. Miss Priscilla made her tea, and as the spoons began to clink the rosy-cheeked maid reappeared, bearing a large silver cake-dish heaped with brown fragrant cakes smoking hot. Tongues were loosened and the conversation grew brisk.



MISS HELEN HOYT SHERMAN.

Miss Atchison had been to the city and was an object of reverent interest to her less fortunate friends.

"What's the news?" asked Miss Atchison presently, having answered as satisfactorily as possible the volley of questions concerning her trip. "There must have something happened in two weeks." She moved to the window and took up a palm-leaf fan, for the weather was June and Miss Atchison was stout. Miss Anita Brown, the village news-monger, volunteered response.

"Mr. Allen's new cow-house burned Tuesday night and there's some that say it wasn't an accident."

"Dew tell," exclaimed Miss Atchison, "who do they suspicion, — and was the cow saved?"

This subject, together with little Lucy Sanford's fall down the attic stairs and her mother's carelessness, Widow Fry's slovenliness, and the "dis-repair" of the rectory, were duly discussed and commented upon.

"Of course you've heard —" Miss Brown began and stopped, with a quick glance at Miss Priscilla. Miss Matilda Perkins, a long, lank spinster, with cork-screw curls and an acrid disposition, sniffed — unmistakably, audibly, contemptuously. Miss Priscilla's cheeks grew pink. The sniff was a challenge and she accepted it.

"You all know Barbara Elliott," she began; "you've grown up with her, and you all love her. And I want to tell you something this afternoon." She paused, embarrassed at the attentive silence. It seemed such an immense thing to have to break that significant pause with her own voice. Her cheeks grew pinker.

"They say," she fingered her dress nervously, trying to choose her words, "that Barbara is taking boarders!"

Miss Atchison looked startled and Miss Perkins gave an I-told-you-so sniff.

"But it isn't really boarders. The lady's daughter had been ill and the doctor said she must have quiet and country air, and Barbara offered to take them. You all know how much more work it'll make her, and she isn't strong enough to do anything; but she invited them as guests and it was the lady's husband who insisted on paying board. I hope you'll all be good to Barbara."

Miss Priscilla's cheeks were quite red and her breath gone when she came to the end of this long speech.

"Besides," she added, with a little catch in her voice, "the lady's Mrs. Torrence."

There was silence for a moment, unbroken even by a sniff from Miss Perkins, and then Miss Brown and Miss Atchison rose simultaneously and took their bonnets.

"I'm going to help Miss Barbara hang her curtains," said Miss Brown, "she has one of her headaches to-day."

"And I'll go with you," said Miss Atchison, "I haven't seen Barbara since I got home, and she'll want to hear about Mary's baby."

After her guests had gone, Miss Priscilla sat by the open window. Twilight was falling, and the birds chirped soft good-nights. The rosy-cheeked maid cleared away the tea things, but Miss Priscilla did not light the lamp. She sat very quiet in the dusky room, and presently, when the moon came out, its pale light shone on a tear on the window-sill. Miss Priscilla's thoughts were far away, back in the days of her girlhood,—of hers and Barbara Elliott's. They had always been close friends, these two, in spite of the difference in disposition and circumstances.

Barbara was the only child of Judge Elliott, and lived in the "Mansion" on top of the hill. She was a pretty girl, tall and slender, with merry brown eyes and roguish dimples. The Judge was fond of society and kept his house filled with guests from the city. Barbara delighted in the gayety and made a charming hostess for her father's friends. Priscilla was with her friend constantly. She enjoyed seeing and hearing the "city-folk"; the women were so well-dressed and the men so well-mannered. She liked to listen to their conversation, clever, bright and witty. But the happiest days were those when the guests were gone and the two girls drove about the country roads in Barbara's village-cart, or read and talked in the great, shadowy library. Her father went often to the city and then Barbara would go to stay with Priscilla, in the cottage at the foot of the hill, and Priscilla would "share Mother" with her friend.

One day the Judge came home accompanied by a young and handsome man, a distant kinsman. With his prerogative of cousinship, Roger Torrence speedily became intimate in the household, and ere long had won "Cousin Bab's" tender, girlish heart.

The long, lazy summer days were very happy ones to Barbara, but her lover took the place of her friend. But Priscilla, in her sweet unselfishness, buried her loneliness in rejoicings over Barbara's happiness. When autumn came Roger returned to the city. Barbara pined for a while over her lover's absence, but her naturally high spirits soon returned, and things slipped back into the old accustomed grooves. The postman made frequent trips up to the "Mansion," for Roger was an exemplary lover, wrote every day and sent weekly boxes of sweets and flowers.

So the hazy Indian summer days slipped by and Priscilla and Barbara drove and walked and read together as before.

But one day Barbara came down to the cottage with tear-stained cheeks, from which the dimples had vanished. Her cousin had been sent south by the firm with which he was employed, to take charge of their affairs. "He may have to stay only for a few weeks, and I may not see him for months," sobbed Barbara.

Priscilla comforted her disconsolate friend, picturing the joys of Roger's return, until the dimples came back to Barbara's cheeks.

As the winter advanced the Judge spent more time in the city, and there were no guests at the "Mansion." Barbara spent most of her time at the cottage, for the great empty house was lonely. At Christmas time there was a disappointment. Roger had hoped to come north for the holidays, but business detained him, he wrote.

Spring came late that year, and Easter was not until the latter part of April. Early in January Roger had written that by Easter he hoped to be home again, and asked that the wedding might be at that time. The Judge was ailing. He had grown gruff and taciturn and, during the little time he was at home, sat shut up in his study. Barbara and Priscilla sewed busily on the dainty under-garments for the trousseau and planned the wedding dress. Letters from the south grew shorter and less frequent, but Barbara was too busy to count the days and finally weeks between their coming. But at last the interval grew so long that she became anxious, then worried, and finally terrified.

"Don't think I doubt him," she said proudly to Priscilla, "I suppose its because I'm not well that I feel morbid and worried, but it has been *so* long since I've heard!"

They were together in the cosy, lamp-lighted parlor at Priscilla's home. Outside it rained softly. "Then I am worried about father." Barbara's lips quivered and her brown eyes filled with tears. She struggled to regain self-control. "He stays for hours in his study with the door closed, and hardly ever talks to me any more. The other day I went in to show him my new traveling dress; he looked at me at first in a dazed way and then said, 'Yes, child, but I'm busy now,' and sent me away. I'm afraid he's ill or in trouble, and oh what *shall* I do!"

Down went Barbara's work and, burying her face in her friend's lap, she sobbed bitterly. Priscilla cried too for sympathy, and then tried to cheer Barbara.

So the days passed, sunshine and rain, until Easter was near at hand. No letter had come from Roger, but Barbara had conquered her fears.

"He is going to surprise me," she said, and lived in a daily eager expectancy.

The Judge had gone to the city for a week and on the afternoon of his return Priscilla dressed Barbara in her wedding-gown and the two went down to the study to show it to the Judge. Barbara knocked, but entered without waiting a response. There was a fire in the grate and its flames made rosy gleams through the darkening room. It cast a ruddy glow over the figure of the Judge who sat, a thin, gray old man, at his desk; and it shimmered warmly on the satin folds of the wedding-gown. Barbara's brown eyes were full of happiness, and the dimples played hide-and-seek in her pink cheeks. She looked bewitching, standing there in the twilight with dancing fire-light around her. But her father did not turn when she spoke his name, did not move, and she grew frightened all at once and went closer to him.

"Father!" She touched his arm, and then gave a sharp, quick cry. Priscilla put her arms around the fainting girl, and lifting her from where she had flung herself at her father's side, half carried, half led her from the room.

The funeral was very quiet and simple. Barbara bore it all better than had been expected, but there was a change in the pretty face that hurt Priscilla's pitying heart.

It was the first night after the funeral and Priscilla was wakened by the sound of suppressed sobs. Suddenly Barbara spoke :

"My father, come back to me ! I am all alone, O, Roger, Roger !" It was the cry of a broken heart. Priscilla clasped her in her arms.

"You shall never be alone while I live, dear," she whispered.

Soon after the Judge's death two men, one of them his lawyer, came out from the city to look over the dead man's papers. Then the Judge's frequent visits to the city and his moodiness were explained. He was ruined. Heavy speculations with disastrous results had sapped his entire fortune. The "Mansion" and all belonging to it was Barbara's, and the proceeds from the sale of it was all that she would have—a mere pittance for the luxury-loving girl who had never known an ungratified wish. There was another house in the village that belonged to Barbara. The property was valuable, but the house large and barn-like. The Judge had intended to remodel it, but now Barbara, with such furniture as was needed, moved into it.

There was no sign or word from Roger Torrence. Spring grew into summer, summer faded into autumn and autumn froze to winter. Priscilla learned to watch the post as eagerly, though as covertly, as Barbara herself. Once she wrote (Barbara had given that up long ago) a prim, shy letter beginning, "Mr. Roger Torrence, Respected Sir :"; but it had elicited no response.

"He is dead," Barbara said one day, and the mourning she had put on for her father she still wore, softened to dark grays, for her lover.

Five years passed and time had softened Barbara's sorrow. The curly brown hair was prematurely gray about the temples, and the brown eyes had lost their merriment, but otherwise she seemed unchanged.

It was the day before Christmas, and Priscilla had brought her work to Barbara's. They were making cornucopias to hang on the Christmas tree at Sunday-school, and the gay-colored papers were scattered over the floor around them. They had paused in their work to rest their eyes and drink a cup of tea, when suddenly the door-bell rang with a long, sharp clang.

"It's the post-man's ring."

Barbara put down her tea-cup and went to the door. When she returned she was very pale, and her trembling fingers nearly dropped the letter they held. The address, written in a black, dashing hand, was painfully familiar to both. But Barbara conquered her agitation and opened the envelope with a steady hand.

"You must read it with me, dear," she said, and, as the light was too faded to see by, they knelt on the hearth-rug and, cheek to cheek, read the letter by the rosy fire-light.

DEAR BAB:—You have not forgotten me, have you? I hope not, for I've always had a warm spot in my heart for my pretty brown-eyed cousin.

I am married, you know, and we have a little girl now, with brown eyes like yours; only baby's do not twinkle and laugh as yours used to; they are big and sad. We want to name her for you,—may we? I have told Gladys about you and she joins me in the request. Do grant it, dear, and gratify

Your very affectionate cousin,

ROGER TORRENCE.

When they had finished it, Barbara read the letter through again, until each fond, careless word seemed burned into her soul. Then she replaced it in its envelope and laid the whole gently on the burning coals.

And these were the things of which Miss Priscilla was thinking on that soft June evening — of these and of the coming "boarders."

Presently she sighed, and brushed away other tears that were making their way to join the one in the moonlight on the sill.

"His wife and his child — how can she bear it! I do not see; I do not understand. Dear Barbara!"

Dear Priscilla! she did see and she did understand.

AT NATURE'S FEET.

I LOVE to be a child at Nature's feet
And on her mossy footstool sit and dream;
Awhile the wild wind and the mountain stream
Delight mine ears with music wondrous sweet.
I love to note the marvelous conceit
With which she hides her beauty and her grace,
And decks with care each lone forsaken place,
And fills the sea with beauties so replete.
O, Nature! Fill me with thy sweet delight,
And let me learn thy matchless minstrelsy,
The music of the stars, the sky, the sea,
The peaks, the plains,—that I may sing aright.
Then will I wake the nations with a song
That men shall hear, and feel, and ponder long.

HADLEY, MASS.

Clarence Hawkes.

A BATTLE OF GIANTS.

BY EUGENE SCHAFFTER.



AT SHORT intervals during all the winter afternoon I have watched the drifting snow. The air is full of it, not falling from the gray clouds, but picked up from the ground by the brisk northwest wind and woven into fantastic drifts wherever a stone or a bunch of weeds gives a starting point. Along the surface of the snow-covered ground thin films of frozen particles seem to slip, or rather hiss, for that is just the sound they make. The wind is driving down these particles into a hard mass, and I know the drifts to-morrow morning will not only bear my weight, but my feet will leave no trace on their polished surfaces. A broken piece of the crust will almost ring like a brick. This is the way the wind and snow are accustomed to act in the Northwest.

I have no fault to find with the weather to-day. The wind may blow its loudest; the snow may take what form it pleases; for I sit snugly in my room, with my books around me. There is a querulous, whistling sound, now loud now soft, in the chimney, as the draught blows into brightness the anthracite coal. The warmth and comfort around me are in such great contrast with the snowy desolation outside that I am as happy as the old-fashioned saint was supposed to be at sight of a sinner in the other place.

Tilted back against a row of books on the shelf before me is a photograph, representing three locomotives which have collided; of the two which were going in the same direction, the rear one has been thrown completely from the track, and lies slanting up the bank; the other two, in their effort at mutual destruction, have become almost commixed. It is not a pleasant sight to one who has learned to think of the great faithful engines as all but human beings. Nevertheless, I have a story to tell about that accident and how it happened. I might never have thought of writing it out but for that photograph right before my eyes this afternoon; that and the winter weather,—for it was much the same kind of a day when the engines came together,—suggested it to me; and I thought there might be some who would like to

hear it. It isn't often that the railroad boys talk much outside about their accidents, for they are not proud of them ; so you might not in a long time hear the true tale of a collision from an inside point of view.

As I said before, it was a snowy, stormy day at the time my story begins. It must have been fifteen degrees below zero nearly all day, and the great northwest wind, stinging cold, was picking up the snow everywhere and pounding it down into drifts almost as hard as chilled steel. There were few trains on the road, and those only such as were absolutely necessary to move passengers and coal. I sat in the office of the superintendent of the division. On wintry days when the mail was light there was not much to do. In the next room the train despatchers were at work, and I could plainly hear through the wall the never-ending tick-tick of their instruments.

Along in the afternoon my chief, the superintendent, sat in his private office, reading a newspaper. I could see him from where I sat ; he was tilted back in the chair, with his feet on the desk ; a slouch hat was pulled down to his eyebrows, and I knew he was taking it easy after watching the storm and trains for many hours.

Right here I ought to tell you about him, for he was no common man by any means. He was a six-footer ; a straight, fine-looking man, with dark hair and black whiskers. He came from Maine a good many years ago and, like many another New England son of Anak, was hewing out a way for himself in the big west. He began life as a brakeman, and had climbed up through the various grades of conductor, yardmaster, agent and assistant superintendent, to his present responsible position. And, mind you, he had done all this by unassisted force of character. He was quick in emergency, he could cut through any number of intricacies to the true heart of a matter, and I only wish I had his wonderful memory. Why, I've heard him, time and again, relate the details of an accident that happened nine and ten years ago, and give the names of the men and numbers of the engines ! His speech was sharp and quick, and abounded with colloquialisms and characteristic expressions which he coined so happily, sometimes, that they were as good as regularly labeled wit and humor. At sometime or other, when he was a boy I suppose, he had read the

Bible, and some of his most vigorous speech was garnished with biblical quotations more or less applicable, very much to the surprise and confusion of erring brakemen and others, whose shortcomings he was called upon to correct. In short, my chief was a big, original, forceful man.

I said he was reading a newspaper that afternoon, having nothing else to do. Suddenly I heard from the train despatchers' office an excited remark, followed by one or two quick questions and answers. Almost immediately one of the despatchers opened the door and walked rapidly through my room to the door of the superintendent's office. The superintendent looked up to see what was wanted, and the despatcher said :

"Train No. 14 going east has left D—— and a wild train west has left T——".

"How long ago?"

"A few minutes."

"How did it happen?"

"I don't know; the orders are all right."

"What is 14 pulling?"

"She has two engines and twenty empties."

"And the wild?"

"One engine and twelve cars of coal."

Without another word they both hurried into the despatchers' office, and I followed them. That you may understand the situation, I will say that D—— is the next station west of T—— with no side-track between, and here were two trains rushing towards each other on the same track, one of them a double-header! It was the worst situation known in railroading. To be sure, there were not many lives in jeopardy; but still the engineers and firemen of both trains might be killed if they did not see the danger in time to jump. It was a snowy day, and the engineers would not be able to see very far ahead; besides, if they were able to see each other, they could not stop their engines on account of the slippery track. It was a terrible state of affairs. I went into the other room with a sickening sense of apprehension.

The scene there was a notable one, and I do not think I shall soon forget it. The room was oblong in shape, with windows on two sides. Near one side was a broad heavy table, divided into



EUGENE SCHAFFTER,

Author of "Antonio" in the January MIDLAND, "A Battle of Giants" in the present number, and "Roman Days" in a forthcoming number.

two equal parts by a glass partition on top ; on each side the table sat a despatcher, with his instruments before him, and his forty sheet under his hands. You must understand that the forty sheet is a large piece of ruled paper with columns for every train on the road, and cross lines for every station ; and on this sheet is recorded the time that every train reaches every station. On these figures, as reported by telegraph from the various stations, all the calculations of the despatcher are based.

When I entered, there was a look of anxious expectancy on the face of everyone in the room, except perhaps the superintendent. He gave no sign of mental strain other than a slight contraction of his brows and an aimless walk up and down the room, pausing each time as he neared the telegraph table. The chief despatcher was standing beside the despatcher on whose line the two trains were rapidly approaching each other; both their faces wore a pained expression. For some time there was silence, and then the superintendent said to the train-master:

"The train coming east must be clear of the cuts and curves by this time, and they may meet on straight track." The train-master shook his head in a doubtful way, which seemed to express his inability to derive any comfort whatever from the situation. And then the dreadful waiting went on—waiting to hear from one station or the other as to whether the trains had collided, or whether by some unlikely chance they had seen each other in time to stop. Of course, we knew it would be some time before anyone could reach either station from the trains between, but the time seemed composed of eternities.

The situation was enough to appal anyone; huge engines, alive with activity, with heavy trains behind them, rushing along a slippery track, their huge bulk hardly visible on such a day at a hundred yards distance, and upon these engines and trains living men, who even at this moment might be unconscious of the terrible fate fast approaching them; and we knowing it and all unable to avert it! It might well make strong men's hearts palpitate with fear and their spirit age with anxiety. The rush and roar of battle begets a headlong excitement which dulls the perception of its own horrors; but here was deadly danger in such shape that one could speculate upon it; it was as if a guillotine hung by a thread over the neck of an innocent victim, and we stood by, powerless, wondering whether the thread would break.

All this time my chief walked the room ceaselessly, and I could see by his occasional air of pre-occupation that he was already planning the measures to be taken in case the collision occurred. At frequent intervals the young despatcher seemed to be asking information from the two stations, and at these times the chief despatcher bent slightly forward to catch the ticking

answer from the sounder. At last a message came, longer than usual, and the chief despatcher listened with scarcely concealed nervousness. At its conclusion the young man at the key glanced up at his face, as the chief said :

"They have met ; all three engines totally wrecked ; all the men safe except one brakeman who cannot be found, although he may have escaped."

The tension was relieved ; the time of waiting was past, and now came the season for action. In less time than I would take to tell it, my chief had given orders for the wrecking cars and outfit to be brought out and made ready for use ; for certain material to be loaded, which would be needed for building a track around the wreck ; for section men to be collected all along the line and brought to the scene of action, to do the necessary work ; and for all the various details which his trained mind taught him would be needed in this emergency. He even thought of food and hot coffee for the laborers, and this department was given in charge to myself and another employé.

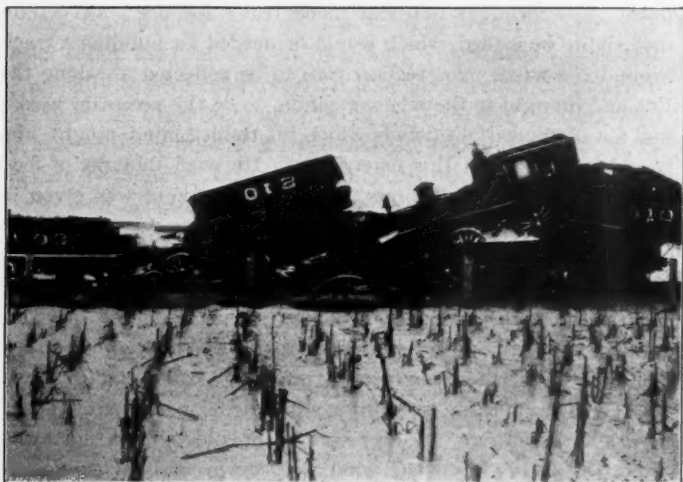
In a short time a way-car bounce was ready for the superintendent, to take him to the scene of the wreck where he would oversee the work personally. We were to go later with the commissary supplies. These were all prepared and stowed in barrels ; the coffee was made and poured into huge cans, and by seven o'clock in the evening everything was ready for the start.

As I said before, the day was bitter-cold, with a northwest wind. Towards night the wind went down, and the snow stopped moving ; then the stars came out bright and clear. The mercury must have been twenty degrees below zero an hour after sunset, but the absence of wind made the cold endurable.

In the way-car were several machinists who had been telegraphed for, to go with us and remove such parts of the engines as could be saved ; also some trainmen and section hands. My partner and I had to keep very close watch of the supplies to save them from the trainmen. It may be set down as an axiom in railroading that brakemen are always hungry, and engineers and firemen always half-starved. I appeal to anyone who knows the facts, if ever in his experience he has heard the boys talk very long together without mentioning food ! How many a time I

have heard them call to each other : "Hi there ! Got anything to eat?" and listened to the doleful answer : "Naw, haven't had any grub since morning." The trainmen with us were no exceptions to the rule, and it was only by excessive vigilance that the tempting food could be kept for the section men who had to build track this cold winter night.

At last our train neared the wreck, and in a few minutes stopped. Upon inquiry I found that there was an engine ahead of us which had been hauling from the wreck to the nearest station such



"There they were, piled high in the night, silent, dead, with almost as much of mystery about them as hovers around the dead body of a human being."

cars as were still on their wheels. I left the food in charge of my partner, jumped to the ground and ran ahead to the forward engine, so eager was I to reach the scene of the disaster. I got up into the cab and looked ahead ; about a mile away I could see a large fire blazing by the side of the track, built to give light to the workers. Soon the engine started and slowly approached the spot. Upon the track ahead of us, alternately illuminated and obscured by the shifting blaze, I saw a huge black mass. It was of uncertain shape, but seemingly monstrous in its proportions ; something huge and incalculable ; until quite close to it I could discern no

outlines ; but suddenly a flaring-up of the fire showed me the great bulks of three engines mixed together in terrible self-destructive wrestle. The engine on the side nearest me had flung itself headlong upon the engines pulling the other train, and in the awful collision the middle engine had been hurled from between the iron combatants, and lay wrecked and dismantled up the bank ; the other two met front to front, and the pilot of one pierced the metal breast of the other.

There they were, piled high in the night, silent, dead, with almost as much of mystery about them as hovers around the dead body of a human being. It was a pitiful sight ; those great, patient monsters, who with all their rush and roar were still obedient to the hand of man, thus annihilated in unwilling duel ; crushed and broken, deprived of their strength by the force of that very speed in which their excellence consisted.

When they came together the men had all left the trains, except one brakeman ; he had jumped from a car and taken to the woods in a very ecstasy of terror. He afterwards turned up unhurt, but could not be induced to take another railroad job ; he said he had had enough. The engineer of the west-bound train was the first to see the approaching danger. His actions were characteristic of the man. He called for brakes ; reversed his engine ; jumped from the engine step to the ground ; walked over to the right-of-way fence that he could have a good view of the calamity ; and, when it was over, pulled out his train orders to see whose fault it was. He was not at all disturbed about the matter when he found his own skirts were clear.

By the time I arrived on the scene, the work was progressing vigorously. Big fires were built for light and warmth ; and the large gangs of section hands, under the immediate direction of the roadmaster of that sub-division, began laying ties on the frozen ground on which to construct a track around the wreck. It was terribly cold work, and the poor fellows had to take turn and turn about getting warm at the fires. It was a busy scene, under the clear, cold starry sky,—the great flaming fires throwing up clouds of smoke and sparks and lighting the huge, shapeless pile of wreck with fitful gleams ; the running to and fro of well wrapped men ; the heaving of ties and rails into place at the word

of command given by the foremen ; the shouting of orders. It was all weird and strange in spite of its practicality.

The next day my chief held what was sometimes jocularly called "an inquest"; that is, he summoned to his office all the men concerned in the accident, in order to discover from them the true cause of it, and mete out punishment accordingly. In this case it was found that the fault lay with the west-bound conductor, who had orders to meet the opposing train before leaving his starting point. He consulted the register, where conductors of all trains record their arriving or leaving time, and found what he took to be an entry of No. 14's arrival; so he took his orders, and went over to give the engineer his duplicate copy. The engineer enquired if No. 14 was in, and received an affirmative reply; so the train pulled out and met the opposing train between stations. On investigation it was found that what the conductor supposed was No. 14's entry was really No. 18's, he mistaking the figures. He was discharged.

THE PASQUE-FLOWER.

Wind-rocked,
Sun-kissed,
Fringed with the mist,
Tinged with the sky;
High on a bank the Anemone bold,
With its cloak of fur and its heart of gold,
Flaunts a defiance of March winds cold;
With a nod at the sky,
And the gleam of an eye
As purple as amethyst!

Wind-tossed,
Frost-born,
Glad as the morn,
Mad as the gale;
Up from the prairie where snows yet lie,
And night frosts linger, and gray wolves cry,
Anemone peepeth a merry eye;
Anemone frail,
Who mocketh the gale,
And laugheth the winds to scorn!

AMES, IOWA.

Georgiana Hodgkins.

NOOKS AND CRANNIES OF SCOTLAND. II.

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF BRECHIN — THE CASTLE — GLAMIS — DEN
FERNELLI.

By G. W. E. HILL.

"Guid auld Mither Bechin, ye've born and revealed
A host of famous in kirk, state and field;
Ye rockit Tam Guthrie, sae cuthie and true,
Fox Maule, Archie Allan, and Thrummy Cap, too."

Scotland is full of romance, legend and chivalric story, and we found much of this in and about Brechin, Scotland's ancient capital. Near by are the magnificent policies of Strathmore and South Esk with their baronial houses, Kinnaird and Glamis, while the quiet beauty of Den Fernelli entrance and delight the tourist.

Brechin's age is not accurately known, but it is said to have been a town of much importance as far back as the twelfth century. Scottish history first records the name of the town in the year 990 A. D., and its now famous Round Tower is supposed to have been built sometime during that century. At that time it was a stronghold, and the seat of power of the Culdees who had invaded Scotland from Ireland. The old cathedral, the stone tower, the old castle and the busy hum of animated life and business, make the Brechin of to-day an interesting study. The people are justly proud of their old city and take much delight in showing the tourist all its many wonders. In all Scotland there is no more historic structure than the vine-embowered cathedral of Brechin. Here Druids, Culdees, Romanists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians in turn have worshipped. The cathedral was dedicated some time between 1100 and 1165, A. D. The Reformation touched these old buildings with a vandal's hand and much of Brechin's cathedral is in ruin. The windows and doors still bear the outline of fine carved work, and are much admired by tourists.

Notwithstanding its great age, the stones are well preserved, but much of the elegant facade and graceful arch has succumbed to the bigotry of ecclesiastical reform. Statues of saint and cowed monk were torn from their niches and broken into a thousand fragments. Probably few buildings of Scotia have suffered more in this respect than Brechin cathedral. Only portions of the original

structure remain, but the present dimensions of the church are eighty-four feet long by fifty-four feet wide, the aisles being fourteen feet in width. The roof is supported by twelve massive pillars. From the northwest corner rises a square tower, massive and elegant in style, with walls five feet in thickness, and seventy feet in height. The top of this tower is battlemented, and from its center rises an octagon spire fifty-eight feet in height. One may ascend to the battlemented walls by a spiral stone stairway of one hundred and eleven steps. Standing on the roof of this tower one looks out over valley lands, villages and winding river. He sees a scene of loveliness combining water, wood and meadow land, with the busy town in the foreground, for just below are the quaint tiled roofs of Brechin, the old cathedral within "God's acre," the River Esk rolling out toward the sea, and, over beyond the river, half hidden in its copse of green, the battlemented walls of Brechin castle. Rich, rolling meadow lands and cultivated fields stretch far away. Yonder, to the west, the Grampian Hills form a heathery background to this wondrous picture. The farms, so small, each field hedged in by hawthorne wall, houses snug and neat as the deft fingers of canny housewives can make them, such was the picture we saw as we stood that day beside the walls of Brechin's old cathedral.

Just beside us is the far-famed Round Tower. In all Scotland there remains but one other tower like to this. This tower has long baffled antiquarians and still continues to be a matter of much speculation. The structure is separate from the cathedral. It is quite similar to several towers found in Ireland and, if of the same origin, was built as a refuge for ecclesiastics and the treasures of the early church. One thing is certain; for more than a thousand years this old, gray tower has stood, a relic of another age and people. Modern structures have been built and have fallen into decay, and still the ruthless hand of time seems to have dealt tenderly with this wonderful landmark. The stones of which the tower is built are cut to the circle and some of them are of great size. The foundations are laid twelve feet below the surface. The entire height is one hundred and six and one-half feet. At the base, the walls are three feet eight inches in thickness, and two feet six inches at the top. The diameter of the structure at the base



CATHEDRAL AND ROUND TOWER OF BRECHIN.

"The old church-yard is full of interest . . . The stones mark the resting places of ten generations of Brechin folk."

is fifteen feet, and thirteen feet at the top. Only six windows break the walls and four of these are at the summit. Standing there within the "silent city of the dead," clad in its weather-beaten hues, it has a romance and a beauty all its own. The terraces of men's homes are above and below it; to the south the dark ravine, the forest of stately trees to the west, and the quiet graves of thousands under its shadow. Standing there amid a dead past and a busy present, the tower still lives! It has hoary strength and venerable grace. The sight of it is not without pathos. Like some old hero who has outlived his kind, it yet lives on a quiet uneventful life. This old pile lives to tell a story of a well-nigh forgotten race. About this stone tower fierce conflict has been waged at times,

"An' bluidy dunts were gi'n and ta'en
Wi' dirks an' swords"

Its summit has no doubt proved a funeral pyre for many a shrieking victim.

The old church-yard is full of interest. Quaint and curious epitaphs we found and many an old stone hoary with the moss of years. The stones mark the resting places of ten generations of Brechin folk. In no place can one more accurately mark time's rapid flight than in the "auld kirk-yards." Here, too, the vandal's hand has wrought its havoc and the curious tourist has clipped the corners from many a crumbling stone. Time forbade an extended research among the inscriptions, but I give space to three. One bearing the date 1730, has this:

"We see impartial death cuts down,
Some in their morning, some at noon,
Some in the evening of their day.
O, therefore, mortals watch and pray
That death may never you surprise,
For as the tree falls so it lies."

One bearing date 1668, says:

"In Death no difference is made
Between the sceptre and the spade."

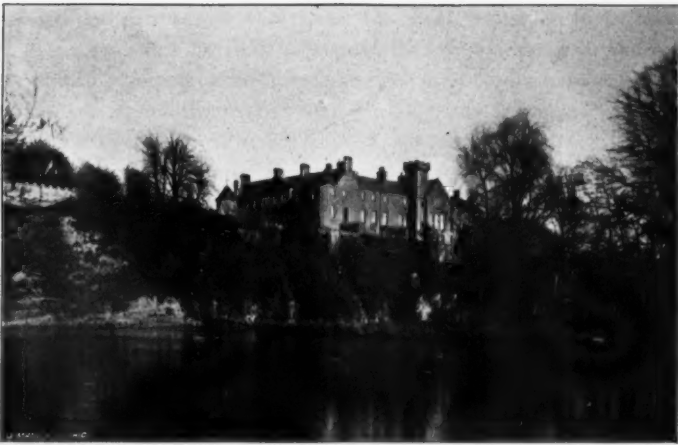
Alexander Laing's stone bears an epitaph taken from his own poem, "Wayside Flowers":

"The footstep of time hastens on in its power,
But soon we must fade like the wayside flower;
But again we shall blossom in beauty and power,
Where the foot never falls on the wayside flower."

Many members of the famous Guthrie family are buried here. A family vault bears date 1519.

A deep hollow separates the church-yard from Brechin Castle, which is snugly embowered among its fine old trees. Along the line of the carriage-way there is a fine avenue of "green robed senators." Through the density of their foliage the noontide sun falls so lightly that even at that hour one feels the witching influence of the gloaming.

At the end of this picturesque driveway the castle comes into view; and, though to some extent much plainer in its architectural adornments than many others, everything about it indicates its



BRECHIN CASTLE.

"Here Scottish King and Queen have come, and warriors here have planned chivalric deeds."

age. Here Scottish king and queen have come, and warriors here have planned chivalric deeds; and here, too, cunning courtiers sought to overthrow a throne. The castle has a history inwrought with the history of Scotland. An ancient house, and a noble name!

The Earl of Dalhousie, its present owner, permits strangers to visit the park and picture galleries. The castle is a storehouse of antiquities, pictures, *et cetera*. Looking from the towers of Brechin castle the whole city has a pleasing appearance. Away in the distance are the spires of Montrose, and over beyond it lies the German Ocean, while away to the north the view is unobstructed

till you reach the serrated ramparts of the Grampians. The grounds are extensive and well arranged, and things rich and rare seem to have been collected from every country and clime. Even the mountains of Lebanon have furnished their cedars for this beauteous wonderland.

The Town House of Brechin is well worth a visit, also the beautiful modern church of St. Andrews. The linen mills and many other special features make Brechin a pleasant resort for tourists.

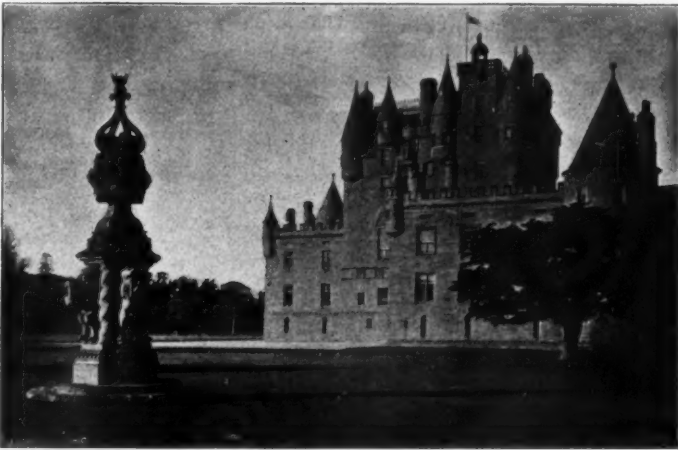
Ten miles from Brechin, on the road to Forfar, is the pretty hamlet of Glamis. Here we came one sunny day in June. Glamis is indeed a pretty village. One narrow street with a low close that here and there reaches back to little homes within the court. The wee kirk stands upon the hillside with its vine-covered manse near by. Behind the kirk is the little church-yard where Strathmore's Lairds are laid to rest. A wimpling burn goes rattling by. We wandered on along its brink and stopped to drink from the cool spring and hear the story of the Lady's Well. Wide-spreading oak and copperas beach made grateful shade, and banks were clothed with softest green and decked with snowy daisies and clumps of blue-bells.

"Yellow whines and bells of blue,
Mingled with the turf's green hue,
While the thistle in his pride
Woos the wild rose by his side."

Deer stalked at will about the grounds, and strutting pheasants shook their plumage in the June sunlight. Broad acres soft and green, fit carpet for the gods, stretched far away, making a lawn both wide and long, and at its farther side, grim, gray and old, stands Glamis castle. The old castle is a perfectly preserved relic of feudal days and presents a commanding and formidable appearance with its battlemented walls, its donjon towers and beetling turrets. Lovely Strathmore! Bonnie woods and laughing burns, where mountain trout sport at their will! Fair valley and grand old castle! The canny village was a veritable Eden.

"Laird it was, yet sweet, though humble,
Deck'd wi' honeysuckle round;
Clear below the waters rumble.
Deep glens murmuring back the sound."

The castle, like all these old buildings, has its legend. One room, 'tis said, is never opened. Behind that barred door lies the skeleton that tenants the Glamis closet. When the present earl brought his bonny bride to his ancestral home he showed her its many beauties ; as they passed from corridor to corridor, out and in its three hundred rooms, she observed that one room was unvisited and, her curiosity being excited, she inquired the reason. Instantly my Lord's brow clouded, and in stern tones he ordered her, under penalty of bringing down his dire displeasure, not to



GLAMIS CASTLE.

"Grim, gray and old, stands Glamis Castle—a perfectly preserved relic of feudal days."

attempt to open that particular door. One day, returning suddenly to his castle and not finding his Lady in her rooms, his search discovered her in the far away hall, just inserting the key in the lock of the hidden chamber. In thundering tones he commanded her to desist. Her Ladyship, terribly frightened, hurried away to her own apartments. The Earl ordered the door securely sealed, and from that day a gloom settled upon him, and gossips say he has never since been known to smile.

Such is the story of Glamis castle. We give it as we gleaned it from a Scottish paper. My good Scotch friend, whom I interviewed in regard to the matter, replied, "Its nae true !"

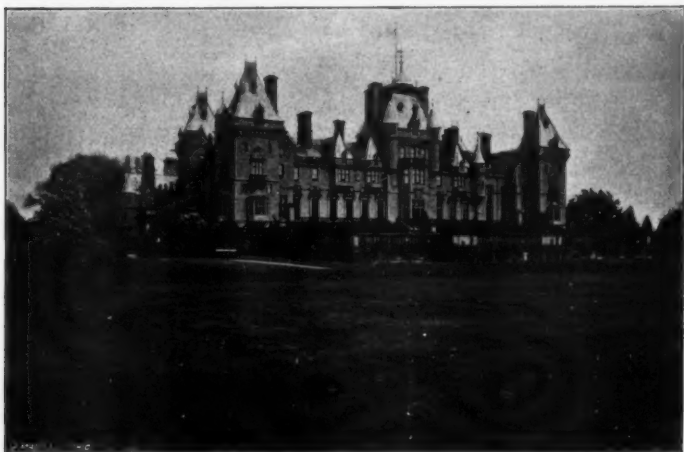
Very stately and dignified is the blue-blooded family who live in this fine, old house, but they seem not averse to allying themselves with American dollars. Two of the daughters have married well-to-do Americans.

One of the most elegant homes of the Scotch nobility is that of the Earl of South Esk, Kinnaird castle, situated three miles to the south of Brechin, on the Montrose road. This is conceded to be the finest of the many beautiful Scottish estates. The park contains thirteen hundred acres, and on its rolling meadow lands and among its glorious shade range numerous herds of deer. In fact, so numerous are the deer that in one single herd I counted one hundred and thirty-seven. Vast herds of Highland cattle also range at will, and as we rode along they tossed their shaggy heads and shook their long horns as though to say to all intruders, "We will not be crowded too much."

The general architecture of the castle is that of a French Chateau of olden time. The whole exterior is built of white Aberdeen granite and as we looked upon it in the light of that June afternoon it glistened in the sunlight as though a million precious gems had been set within its surface. Lovely blooms were everywhere in lavish abundance. The space immediately adjoining the house is laid out in beautifully balustraded terraces where rose-trees drop their peach-bloom shells, while yellow jonquils whisper to the snow-white hyacinth bells, and fuchsia hedges glow like waves of ruddy fire. The rose gardens of Kinnaird have a national reputation. We stopped at the factor's (agent's) house and secured through him, a letter to the head-gardener which gave us free access to these policies of Kinnaird. More than that, the head-gardener himself acted as our guide about the grounds. A Marchial Neil rose-tree was our especial delight. Its main stalk was ten inches through, its tangled tendrils covering the entire roof of a rose-house thirty by a hundred and fifty feet in size, while a thousand blooms filled the air with their subtle perfume.

A mile away is the beautifully designed parish church begirt with a kirk-yard so green and quiet that one involuntarily longs to lie down and rest. A little burn just below goes rippling on its way and merrily sings to its own flower-strewn banks.

Hard by the kirk is the antique stronghold of Farnell. This old castle is used by the Earl as a sort of almshouse for the poor of his estate. Farther along this same highway we come to the quaint old "Brig o'Dun" that spans the South Esk. Close by is the little Brig o'Dun station where passengers enroute for Brechin must change cars. A short distance farther on is Dun House. The grounds about this house contain some splendid trees. There is a dark and weird den (valley), also a sparkling waterfall and, tradition says, a ghost "wha' walks a' nicht among the trees." We failed to find any one who had encountered this ghost!



KINNAIRD CASTLE.

"This is conceded to be the finest of the many Scottish estates."

We hasten to finish our visit at Brechin among the sylvan shades of Den Fernelli. We take the train at Brig o'Dun, glide along over bridges hoary with the moss of years, by broken tower and tumbling castle walls, by hedges growing white with hawthorn bloom or scarlet with the drooping fuchsia bells. We cross chasms along whose depths a thousand echoes hurry and at last we disembark at the little hamlet of St. Cyril, and by foot go on another mile to the restful quiet of Den Fernelli. This is a valley about one mile in length. Throughout the entire length of the den a burn goes tumbling downward. In some places it falls a silvery sheen and in others strives to hide in the deep pools.



DEN FERNELLI.

"'Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
An' ilka thing looks cheery."

Just where a stone bridge is swung across the chasm the burn makes a precipitous fall of seventy feet. Art has come to the help of nature and rustic stairs lead down to the base of the fall

and the tourist is made comfortable by the settees conveniently arranged. It is a canny bit! Walls of rock on either side and

"'Neath the brae the burnie jouks
An' ilka thing looks cheery."

The walls of the den are covered with a network of living green, while clumps of fern-like emerald plumes float lightly from the shoulder of some projecting crag. Tangled masses of ivy swing in the misty air. Far overhead a train goes whirling by, and a cawing crow wings its way above the quiet valley. Long we lingered here, and even then we left too soon. Down the den we made our way amid wayside flowers and under wide-spreading trees. On and on and out to the German Ocean and then along its shore we walked for five miles more. At times the shelving beach led smoothly down to the water's edge and again the waves, as they came rolling in, broke high against the beetling crag. With eyes now turned to the blue heavens, now to the majestic hoary crags, now resting upon the tossing blue ocean, now on the burn that breaks from the hillside, we traveled along the ocean road. We have experienced pleasure in clambering up the steep mountains of our own fair land. We have tracked through meadows skirted with golden broom and across the broad prairies; but that hour before sunset spent sauntering toward and into the fisher village of Johnshaven exceeds all previous experiences.

Of this Brechin region we can say nothing better than to use the language of the old Scotchman; "Consider yousel' daunderin' about amang the hills, the fou'-flowing tide o' thought rowing' through you bosom; to lie down on the crisp heather, an' gaze up, watching' the varying' shapes o' the wee pearly cluds floating' through the blue ether, an' the sma' black speck o' music warblin' an' wingin' in mid-air, like sae mony blessed spirits, blandin' heaven an' earth together. To gaze upon the mountains towerin' to the lift, bold, rugged and gigantic, yet tapering' wi' airy form an' graceful elegance, their sides a' thickly covered wi' bonny green spats o' rich verdure; thack-roofed cots, wooded knowes, dark ravines, an' sparklin' waterfa's; it is amang scenes like these whaur the wanderer feels his ain greatness an' his ain littleness, an' whaur he may weel exclaim in the emphatic language o' Scripture — 'It is good for us to have been here!'"

BEATRICE.

A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

CHAPTER VI.

BEATRICE adapted herself to the new life with the happy facility of pliant childhood. She was almost constantly in Evalina's presence except during the latter's school hours, when she was permitted to visit her grandmother, or amuse herself in the gardens, or take little strolls beyond the immediate premises of the mansion.

Salome did not constrain her in any way, she was free to flit in and out as she liked and to occupy herself as suited the whim of the moment,—a privilege of which she availed herself with careless abandon, singing, dancing, chattering about a hundred different things that interested her ; plucking fresh flowers for the china vase on the mantel—which still kept up appearances by hiding its injuries from the public eye as all elegant natures must ; arranging the humble furniture in new ways, cultivating Robespierre's surly acquaintance, and practicing little self-taught airs on the old Spanish mandolin ; and in all filling the old woman's heart with unspeakable joy and unspeakable sadness. In herself, in her pretty, gay, debonair ways, she was the brightest bit of sunshine that had ever come into Salome's life. But who could foretell the fate of a slave-child ! The possibilities were all of the darkest.

Beatrice loved to wander alone in the narrow lanes, whose lovely green walls, full of sweetness and bloom, divided the plantation into vast fields, now alive with busy workers. And she had an especial fondness for the woods, in which she sought out many a deep secret place, safe from the eyes of hunters and choppers.

This larger, freer life had its inevitable effect upon her. In the satisfying fullness of the present she grew less speculative about the future, less silent and abstracted though not less thoughtful. She took note of all about her, and there was scarcely a live

thing on the plantation — except the servants — with whom she did not quickly establish friendly relations.

Two blooded hounds belonging to Burgoyne were chained in the back yard, enormous creatures supposed to be hostile toward everyone save their master — who had petted and trained them from their early puppyhood — and Big Jake, whose business it was to feed and exercise them in Burgoyne's absence.

Helen and Evalina shuddered at the mere sight of the gigantic brutes, with their red mouths, their panting sides and uneasy movements. But Beatrice felt only admiration for their beauty and sagacity, their great strength and incredible speed. She was entirely without fear respecting animals, but diplomatic in her advances to them, whether they were disposed to be ferocious or were simply shy. She cautiously ingratiated herself with Fleet and Prospero, as Burgoyne had named his pets, and began experimenting with their dog intellects, and by patient and pains-taking application to the task she succeeded in carrying their education to a point just short of speech. It was an exciting occupation, one that gave her an exultant sense of power and mastery. She delighted in their attentiveness and quickness of apprehension and in their boundless affection, which they soon began to express in wild demonstrations of pleasure whenever she appeared.

The dogs were given considerable liberty of chain, and she loved to frolic with them and twine garlands round their brass collars and parry the rough caresses of their great paws. Sometimes she accompanied Jake in his rambles with them over the fields.

She admired Jake somewhat as she did the dogs — for his massive strength and for a vein of kindliness and intelligent appreciation running through his rough nature.

She was quite as fond of the horses as of the dogs, especially the fine thoroughbreds that were brought prancing and caracoling from the stables every pleasant morning for Mme. La Scalla and her husband, and sometimes Mrs. Vincent and Helen, to ride.

Her favorite of them all was Madame's magnificent chestnut, Ilderim, whose steps were as daintily firm as the step of a high-bred lady; whose eyes were brilliant but soft, and whose flowing mane and tail were like spun gold in the sun. It filled her with

exquisite delight to be lifted and swung into the saddle now and then by the strong-armed Jake, and to feel the motion of the beautiful, powerful animal under her.

She stole into the stable sometimes and fed Ilderim a bunch of sweet-grass or a stick of sugar-cane,—young and tender growths pulled up in the fence corners,—and smoothed his satiny flank with her little hand ; attentions for which he returned unmistakable and hearty thanks.

Evalina was timid about riding, but she had a pair of 'Cajan ponies which she was not afraid to drive—though they were far less intelligent and reliable than the princely Ilderim. Formerly she had Miss Speedwell or Cosette to accompany her, but now she took Beatrice, and gave her lessons in the technique of driving—the only instruction necessary.

But Beatrice' introduction to the dumb nobility did not lead her to forsake or ignore her humbler acquaintances, the tiny things that carried on the busy operations of their transient life among the bushes, or under the leaves, or in the grass. She sought for them in the gardens, and looked about in the lanes and meadows to find their abodes. The sprightly little denizens of the wood were the most elusive. At first she could not get more than a flashing glimpse of them, for, at the slightest sound, no more than the crackling of a dried twig under her foot, they were up and away with whisk of tail or whirl of wing.

It was not until she had learned, like Thoreau, to steal quietly into their haunts and sit so still that the shy creatures might mistake her for a bit of the dim wilderness that she got to know anything about the private life of a squirrel, a rabbit, or any of the cunning dwellers of the solitudes.

Nothing afforded her greater felicity than to slip into a thicket and spy upon the love-makings and family quarrels and nest-building operations of the charming under-world ; or to have a coy songster alight upon a pendulous bough not three feet away and rehearse its brilliant solo in happy unconsciousness.

Multitudes of birds nested in the groves about the mansion, and Beatrice was soon familiar with every species, recognizing them both by their voices and their plumage. A great intimacy sprang up between herself and a pair of mocking-birds who built

their annual home in a bunchy orange tree near the house. She could imitate their notes perfectly, and the sociable little fellows appeared to accept her as one of their kind. They made no secret of the location of their nest with her; and sometimes, after many tentative approaches and quick little movements and twitterings, and confidential whisperings between themselves, one or the other of them would hop down and snatch a morsel of food from her hand.

Helen Vincent happened to witness this performance one morning, and as the bird flew away with its booty, she came running up and exclaimed:

"How do you ever manage to do that, Beatrice? It's simply wonderful, I cannot get within gunshot of a bird."

Beatrice looked at her with a frown and did not reply. The presence of this beautiful girl at La Scallà Place was the only cloud in her sky.

"Say, Beatrice, I would like to ask a favor of you," Helen went on insinuatingly. "I wish very much to take one or two of these mocking-birds home with me. Will you catch them for me? I know you can, you could have caught that one just now."

She waited a moment and then repeated her question still more persuasively, thinking the child's silence was only due to bashfulness.

But Beatrice, with a storm of indignant surprise gathering in her dark eyes, startled her with an explosive "No!" and added, as if launching an overwhelming argument against the proposed outrage, "They's got li'le young ones in the'r nes'."

"O, have they?" said Helen. "Well, then," with a derisive laugh, "you needn't mind, I'll take the young ones, that will be better. Thank you for the information."

She swept the little bird-champion a mocking courtesy and started off to look for the nest,—which there was no great difficulty in finding, for the father-bird was proclaiming his domestic happiness from the topmost bough of the orange tree.

Beatrice stood and watched her for a moment, her whole body tense with rage and her soul filled with the anguish of helplessness and that white heat of feeling out of which inspiration bursts like lightning from a black sky. A sudden fierce resolve kindled

her eyes and chiseled a new and dangerous expression on her childish features. She turned and flew round to the back yard, as if equipped with Mercury's winged heels, and quickly unfastening Prospero's chain — since he was nearest to her — she laid her hand firmly upon his collar and led him swiftly back to the scene of the proposed robbery.

Helen had discovered the nest and was on tip-toe reaching up and parting the branches ready to lay hold of it when she caught sight of the approaching pair.

She gave a terrified shriek, and letting go the branches darted out from under the tree.

Instantly the dog leaped forward, bristling with ferocious instinct, and opened his great jaws for the thin flounces streaming out behind the flying girl. But a sharp command from Beatrice brought him reluctantly back to her side, quivering with excitement and eagerness and beating the air with his tail.

Helen escaped into the house, and Beatrice, well satisfied with the result of her prompt action, convoyed Prospero back to his complaining mate.

The lower rooms were vacant, and Helen ran up stairs and betook herself white and trembling and almost in hysterics, to her mother's room. Mrs. Vincent listened to her story, brokenly told between sobs and shivers, with astonished and wrathful eyes. As soon as she had comforted her a little, and persuaded her to lie down upon the couch, she rushed off in great excitement to relate the tragic occurrence to Mme. La Scalla, who, to her indignant surprise, did not appear to be moved by it.

Madame was lounging in her dressing-room absorbed in George Sand's latest novel, and could not immediately bring herself to take much interest in an unpleasant actual happening, particularly as no damage had been done. "Really, Constance," she said, with a frown on her brow which her lips tried to apologize for with a faint smile, "I believe we have always been too apprehensive about those dogs. The fact is, they can not be so very dangerous, else why do they not molest Beatrice herself? She plays with them as if they were a pair of harmless kittens."

"She is not like anybody else," retorted Constance, "she seems to have a kinship with all the brute creation."

"Well, at least, she has perfect mastery of the dogs," said Madame, "and I presume she only meant to frighten Helen and prevent her from taking the birds. Beatrice is very fond of the birds."

"Well, simply to be frightened like that is bad enough," complained Constance, and turned to leave the room. "My poor Helen's nervous system has received such a shock as she is likely not to recover from very soon."

Madame threw down her book and sprang up.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "the dear child! Is there anything I can do for her?"

"No," said Constance shortly, "I have done what was necessary. All there is for you to do is to see that that little heathen receives the punishment she deserves. To think of the impudence of it, leaving out the question of danger! Corinne, do you know what your father, or mine, would have done in such a case as this?"

Madame shrugged her shoulders.

"There is a different regime at La Scalla Place, she said, and passing out of the room she swept down the long corridor ahead of her cousin, who bustled after her with short, quick steps, and entered Helen's room.

The young girl, still presenting signs of the recent rencounter, sat by the window intently examining her delicate hands.

She looked up with a rueful smile as the two women approached.

"I jerked my hands out of the tree," she explained, "and scratched them on the horrid thorns,—I hadn't time to be particular."

"You poor, frightened child!" said Madame, bending over and kissing her and inspecting the ugly wounds. "Why, how dreadful! your Mama did not tell me you were hurt. Cosette must bring you something to put on these places."

She heard the story all over again from Helen's lips,—this time with more feeling, as Mrs. Vincent was gratified to see, and with some severity of judgment respecting Beatrice's conduct. Then she went out and sent for Cosette, and hastened on to the school-room.

Evalina, who was diligently studying her lessons, looked up in pleased surprise at the unusual honor of a visit from her mother;

but turned pale and let her books slide to the floor as the object of the visit was disclosed to her. Her lips had barely fashioned the question, "What are you going to do to Beatrice, Mama?" when she burst into tears.

"I do not know," replied Mme. La Scalla, seating herself in a temporary attitude on the edge of a chair, "don't cry, my dear! what would you suggest? It is really a pretty serious matter, looked at from all points. The most important thing, perhaps, is the question of discipline.

"I — I would take the punishment in her place if I could," sobbed Evalina, "for I'm sure she did not know, she did not mean —"

She suddenly took her handkerchief from her wet eyes, and said eagerly, "Mama, you know I am responsible for Beatrice."

"Yes, I remember there was some such absurd arrangement between your father and you," returned Madame. She rose and her eyes swept the room with a sort of alien glance,—she hated the sight of maps and slates and text-books.

Miss Speedwell stepped in from the next room and Madame gave a casual acknowledgment of her polite bow.

"Is this a private conference upon which I may be intruding?" the governess inquired, with a tentative pause on the threshold.

"O, no," said Madame, "we are discussing a matter about which we may need your advice."

Miss Speedwell crossed over to her desk, on which were neatly arranged the implements of her office, and resting her elbow on a pile of books, and folding one hand lightly in the other, assumed a modestly expectant attitude. She had thick dark brows unduly arched, which gave to her countenance a strikingly interrogative expression.

Madame, however, paid no further heed to her. She stood pondering a moment and then said, addressing Evalina, "Perhaps we would better leave this matter to your father, he usually finds a way out of such difficulties."

Evalina's heart leaped with joy. She raised her head and smiled with quick thankfulness through her tears.

Madame stooped and kissed her.

"I fear you compliment your father's judgment at the expense of your mother's," she said with a laugh, and before Evalina

could frame the proper sort of an answer she glided from the room. Ordinarily her manner was languid and sinuous ; but she had the art of moving swiftly without seeming to — the very consummation of grace.

Evalina, with a delicacy of which her mother was innocent, relieved Miss Speedwell from her embarrassing position with respect to the conference for which she had considered her services engaged, and about which she was still in total darkness, by acquainting her with the whole unpleasant occurrence. And Miss Speedwell comforted her with the assurance that her father would know how to deal with the case fairly and justly.

M. La Scalla was out somewhere on the plantation and returned late in the afternoon. He was not apprised of the unfortunate affair until dinner was over and all were assembled in the back parlor, with no servants about.

He had observed that Evalina's eyes were red and that she only made a pretense of eating.

When the story was told to him — with the bitter accent of prejudice, for Mrs. Vincent was the narrator — Evalina winced painfully and watched his face with an expression that touched his heart.

"Well," said he, "I should not have thought Beatrice was such a little tempest ! You were fo'tunate, Helen, in getting away from the brute."

"She could not have gotten away from him," said Mrs. Vincent, "if the little savage had not seen fit to call the dog back, — and it's a wonder she did, for she seems to have a particular antipathy to Helen. She's a dangerous child, and if she belonged to me I'd either sell her or put her to work in the cotton fields."

Evalina shuddered at the heartless suggestion, and looked anxiously at her father.

"As to that," said he, "Evalina mus' be the one to decide ; Beatrice is her prope'ty." He turned to Evalina and said kindly, "You know, my deah, that you undehtook the entire responsibilty of yo' little maid. And I should not be treating you fai'ly if I took away yo' authority the firs' time it is put to the test. You shall deal with the offenda accordin' to yo' bes' judgment. And you must also make what amends you can to yo' Cousin Helen."

"All the amends I care for," laughed Helen, "is to have the birds."

"And Beatrice ought to be made to get them for you," put in her mother; "if only to give an additional sting to her punishment."

"That is hardly a Christian sentiment, my dear Constance," said Madame, with her light ironical laugh. "Only barbarians punish an enemy through his finest feelings,—and Beatrice can have no finer feeling than her tender solicitude for the helpless little birds."

Mrs. Vincent's wrath at the seeming indifference of her friends bubbled almost to the surface, but she kept it down until she and Helen were safe in their own apartments, and then it broke forth.

"The idea of letting a child like Evalina decide about a matter which really involves life and death! for there is no knowing what that little wretch will do next," she cried, throwing herself into a chair.

"But what can one say to a man like Maurice La Scalla? These quiet, calm people, especially if they get sentimental notions into their heads, are stubborn beyond everything. For my part, I'd rather deal with a fiery temper than a mild one,—you can mould a hot crow-bar but you can't bend a cold bodkin! One would think," she went on scornfully, "that Corinne would have a word to say in a matter of this kind, but I have noticed that when Maurice puts his gentle foot down she never peeps."

"Well, Mama, isn't that the better way?" ventured Helen.

"It isn't my way—as your father learned some years ago," returned Mrs. Vincent.

She sat a few moments, steeped in angry meditation, winking rapidly and tapping the carpet with the toe of her pretty shoe.

"I have a good mind to pack the trunks and leave," she said finally, as the outcome of her cogitations.

"O, no, Mama!" protested Helen. "We want to see Burgoyne, and you know he'll be here in a few days now."

"That is true," sighed her mother, "I don't like to go without seeing Burgoyne. Well, we'll wait and see how Miss Evalina settles this dog business. I shall not stay at the risk of our lives."

Evalina settled it in this wise: Beatrice was made a sort of prisoner on parole. Certain limits were prescribed for her, beyond which she must not go without special permission, during the remainder of the Vincents' stay.

This severe sentence was prefaced by a thoughtfully prepared and tearful little lecture on Evalina's part, which — except that Beatrice was moved by the distress of her young mistress, even to the point of begging her not to cry, and earnestly assuring her that she should not very much mind the restriction put upon her — had but little effect.

The child had been used to looking at things from the purely natural and immediate standpoint, and knew nothing about conventional standards.

"Miss Helen was go'n' to steal the li'le birds 'way f'om the'r nes'," she eagerly explained.

"Yes, I know," said Evalina, "and I do not think that was right, though people do such things very often and nobody minds, or at least nothing is said about it. It is not a crime to steal or hurt animals, you know. It is only when you do harm to people that you are considered wicked and must be punished."

Beatrice regarded her with a puzzled gaze. Clearly she could not comprehend the subtleties of statutory law.

"Do you know, Beatrice," Evalina added impressively, "that if Prospero had killed Miss Helen you would be called a *murderer*?"

It was a horrible word and it made her flesh creep to utter it, but she felt that strong terms were needed to arouse the child's dormant conscience.

"But I didn' let Prospero kill her," said Beatrice, "I made him come back when she stopped tryin' to get the li'le birds. He jus' scared her."

"Well, suppose you could not have made him come back? Dogs do not always mind."

"O, Fleet and Prospero always mind," returned Beatrice with perfect assurance.

They had much further talk about the matter, which Evalina faithfully reported to her father; and it was settled between them that the only thing to be done was to treat the unregenerate maid

as a dangerous person until she should learn to discriminate between the rights of animals and men.

Beatrice had the freedom of her mistress' suite of rooms, including the school-room, and of the upper galleries, and also of Cosette's apartments. She was a great favorite with the house-keeper, at whose little table she took her meals—at first after Cosette had finished; but that was an unsociable arrangement and the little Frenchwoman, who had no race prejudice, soon changed it and had the child sit down with herself, and was vastly entertained by her quaint gossip about the world of thought and feeling and of intimacy with humble things, in which she lived. For though usually reserved and self-contained, Beatrice would sometimes pour herself out with extraordinary volubility under the genial influence of her elderly companion's intense interest and enthusiastic appreciation. But she never made the mistake of unveiling this delicate side of her nature to unsympathetic eyes or an obtuse understanding.

Much of Beatrice' time was spent in the school-room where she was allowed to busy herself with books and a slate and pencil. The latter she particularly delighted in. She had a great facility for drawing pictures, and made quite wonderful birds and cats and horses,—so wonderful that Evalina often exhibited them to other members of the household with much pride.

Books she cared less about, particularly the arithmetic and speller. But very soon she began to take an interest in Evalina's lessons, listening to the recitations and to Miss Speedwell's careful elucidation of obscure points with the closest attention. Now and then in entire self-forgetfulness she broke out with a question or a comment so pertinent and keen as to quite startle the governess, who, however, always returned a kind and encouraging answer.

Miss Speedwell, who was an Englishwoman, regarded slavery as an abomination, but she never offered a remonstrance or even expressed an opinion upon the subject in that southern environment. Her good taste would have withheld her from such a violation of good form if her timidity had not. Her sympathy for the oppressed race, which was very great, was shown only in furtive kindnesses to those members of it with whom she came in contact.

She need not, however, have observed so much caution, since M. La Scalla himself made no secret of his dislike for the system, and often expressed the hope that it might some day be uprooted from the land.

Miss Speedwell was obliged to confess to herself, and in her letters to her friends in Devonshire, that her prejudice had been considerably modified by her association with the La Scalla household. Though as an offset to this admission she always added that the principle and the awful possibilities of the institution



"Multitudes of birds nested in the groves about the mansion."

could not be gotten over by simply citing the customs of this one intelligent and charming family.

Evalina had already begun to teach her charge the rudiments of the English tongue, and, prompted by the lucid illustrations, Beatrice, whenever called upon, read glibly, in the high, staccato of those times, the succinct primer legends about A Cat, The Hen, and other familiar objects.

Her imitative faculties were perfect, and her senses quick to seize upon any facts presented to them. But she was not yet ready to grapple with abstractions. The alphabet was tiresome to her,

figures were more tiresome still, and prayers and sermons were incomprehensible. She was generally fond of hymns and psalms, some sense of poetry in her responded to their rhythm and mystery ; but her imagination was so lively and her sensibilities so delicate, that to hear Miss Speedwell naively sing,—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,"

always made her shiver and turn pale with nausea. It was entirely too figurative for her childish apprehension, and altogether frightful,—a state of things for which she could see no cause, and, of course, could not reason out the resultant benefits.

She had been taught the Apostles' Creed, and liked the majestic roll of the awe-inspiring words, especially when she attended catechism at St. Martinsville with Evalina and heard the children repeat them in chorus, led by the venerable priest.

One day she sat examining the pictures in a religious book and came upon one described as the Tomb of Christ.

"O," she exclaimed with much interest, "here is Punch's Pile-it!"

Evalina did not understand, and she carried the book to her and explained.

"You know it says, 'suffered under Punch's Pile-it,' and here it is."

She pointed to the rock that had been "rolled away" and added, "I wouldn't like to have such big stones piled on me, would you?"

Evalina burst out laughing.

"You ridiculous little thing!" she cried, "don't you know that Pontius Pilate was a *man*, and not a heap of stones?"

Miss Speedwell threw out the apparently casual remark one morning, "What a fine scholar Beatrice would make if—if she were not a colored child!"

"What difference does it make about her being colored; that does not affect her brain, does it?" asked Evalina with a smile. "Would you object to teaching her, if Papa would consent,—you English and French people do not feel as we Americans do about the negroes?"

"O, no, I should have no objections to teaching her," replied the sly governess, who had been revolving the matter in her mind

for days. "I really think it would make our school more interesting to have another pupil."

"Especially when the other one is so very bright," laughed Evalina.

She carried the proposition to her father and was not surprised when he assented to it. It was quite in keeping with M. La Scalla's own views. He believed, and earnestly advocated, that some system for the general education of the slaves ought to be instituted; that they should receive a money compensation for their labor, should be taught thrift, self-respect, and self-reliance, and should eventually be made free.

His wife laughed at him, called him visionary and a dreamer. She could not conceive of such a change in the domestic economy of the south as the abolishment of slavery, or she thought of it only as one thinks of the final destruction of the universe, the remotest of all contingencies. Things to which we have always been accustomed seem rooted in the eternal rock.

Madame La Scalla had a theory which she loved to set up against the convictions of her husband—often for the sake of mere dilettant argument, but which, if the whim seized her, she might urge to the bitter end. She argued that slavery must and would continue to exist, coextensive with American civilization; it was preposterous to conceive of anything else. And upon this assumption she built a tolerably logical superstructure and reasoned so eloquently as to convince herself at least, and sometimes others, that she was expounding the fixed principles of her faith, instead of elaborating in a most graceful and womanly way a mere ephemeral sentiment.

"When one's liberty," she asserted warmly, "is circumscribed by unalterable conditions, education, which enlarges one's comprehension of life and the world, and increases the capacity for enjoyment, is a cruel thing. It is like stimulating a man's appetite when there is no possibility of his being able to gratify it."

Had the subject of Beatrice's education been broached at a time when she happened to be indulging in one of these periodical pseudo-philanthropic heats, she might have embarrassed matters by interfering, for she was not always the yielding wife her cousin Constance had represented her to be.

But the time, fortunately, was opportune.

The severity of Mrs. Vincent's judgment upon the child's impulsive misdemeanor had caused a slight leaning in the opposite direction on Madame's part. It was not a moral but a constitutional leaning; she was always rather more prone to be antagonized than conciliated. And besides, she was fond of Beatrice, in a way. She loved to feast her beauty-loving eyes on the child's exquisite face and form. Almost every day she sent for her to come and spend an hour or two in her dressing-room; and gave her albums and illustrated magazines to amuse herself with, or set her to doing a bit of simple needle-work, or to piling up books and papers or dusting the furniture.

Evalina's well-trained maid was very neat and thorough and industrious in all this, except perhaps the needle-work which was distasteful to her.

Madame usually reclined in an easy-chair with a novel, or a piece of embroidery which she was not very diligent about, and regarded her with somewhat of the same deep and contemplative satisfaction with which she herself was wont to regard the fussy birds and squirrels when they were not cognizant of her presence.

She was such an unconscious, ingenuous, interesting little body, and had such a firm delicious way of doing things, not quite like other people, that it was a pleasure simply to follow the motions of her active feet and busy hands.

Beatrice no longer stood in awe of Mme. La Scalla, as she had done on first seeing her, but she did not cease to have profound admiration for her queenly figure and fine imperious manner — which with respect to her small self was touched with a capricious kindness. She thrilled under the touch of Madame's soft white hand, and delighted in the delicate perfume of her garments and all the elegancies of her dress and belongings, and she loved the sound of her peculiar, drawling voice.

Perhaps it was the child's frank adoration which made her company so agreeable, for Madame La Scalla, like many beautiful women, was fond of the incense of praise no matter how humble the censer.

M. La Scalla came into the room one day just as Beatrice was leaving, and his wife turned her face toward him with a smile and

remarked, "It was a fortunate thing that I happened to go down to New Orleans, wasn't it dear?"

"Well, I do not know," he replied, seating himself upon the sofa and regarding her with an unconvinced air, "it remains to be seen."

"You do not know?" she echoed. "What do you mean,—did I not tell you that Cousin Rose would have freed that child if I had not been there to interfere?"

"That is the point," said he, "that is why I said I did not know. If you had not inte'fered, and Rose had carried out her project, we should not have had so much to anseh fo'."

Madame elevated her chin slightly and closed her lips with an air of putting up the bars before her understanding, a proceeding which always provokes the opposing party to force the issue a little harder.

"Accordin' to yo' showing, my deah," her husband continued, "we might jus' as well have gone out and kidnapped a free child."

"Maurice!" Corinne almost sprang from her chair.

He made a slight deprecatory gesture.

"I do not say that it is not all the betta' fo' the child," he explained, "but that it is a great responsibility fo' us. Beatrice is the one to be consid'ed chiefly, not ourselves. So, when you ask me if it is not fo'tunate that you went oveh to New Orleans and secu'ed her, I am fo'ced to anseh from her standpoint. And I say, I do not know. She is an exceptional child. Miss Speedwell tells me her unde'standing is something ma'velous. Nothing is plainer than that she ought not to be a slave. Nature has marked her fo' a highah place."

"I hope you are not indulging in the fantastical notion of freeing her?" demanded Corinne apprehensively; then added in a tone which seemed to accuse him of an injustice to her motive, "It was really out of consideration for the child herself—and the old woman—that I at first thought of interposing."

"Yes, yes, I know, I remembh," he answered quickly, making amends; "yo' intentions were excellent, my deah. And now we mus' try to justify yo' action in the matta' by looking afteh the consequences of it."

He sighed and ran his fingers through his hair.

Corinne's eyes were upon him but he was not looking at her.

"How gray you are getting, Maurice," she said with a touch of regretful tenderness, noting not only the silvered locks he had brushed back from his temples but the extreme palor of his forehead. The rest of his face was a deep tan, for he spent a large part of the time out of doors looking after his crops and workmen.

"I do not know what to do," he said, not heeding her remark. "This child ought to have her chance, the chance which everyone with brain and talents such as she possesses is entitled to."

He was silent for a time, and by and by he said, as if interrupting a train of thought which could lead to no satisfactory conclusion, "It is a vexatious question. We have a good many men and women on this plantation who ought to be free — by right of their unquestionable ability to take their place in the world and fight their own battles. And then, there are othe's too old, or too stupid, or too dependent to shift fo' themselves. It would be a cowardly and cruel act to set these latter adrift."

Corinne, who had always a haunting fear that Maurice might some day take it into his head to make a clean sweep of the slave business so far as his own personal possessions were concerned, gave a sigh of relief.

"Yes," she returned with a laugh, "those northern abolitionists do not know, or do not take into account, all the complications of the problem they are so eager to tackle. Complications which affect the slaves quite as much as they do us."

But in the case of this one particular child," said Maurice, "our duty, it seems to me, is clear. We La Scallas owe her not only her freedom, but everything else to which the young of our own flesh and blood are entitled."

"The law scarcely interprets our obligation so broadly," said Corinne drily.

"There is a law above law," he returned.

"Well, even that does not provide a remedy for the greatest of her misfortunes. Free the child if you will; educate her; elevate her; with every step of her advance she will become a more distinct target for poisoned arrows and more susceptible to their sting."

[*To be continued.*]

A GREAT WORK WELL BEGUN.

HON. CHARLES ALDRICH AND THE HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT
OF IOWA.

BY FRANK W. BICKNELL.



THE history of the State has never been written. The material is widely scattered and hard to find. Iowa has been more careless of her history, of the record of the deeds of her great men, and of the formation of the structure of the commonwealth, than any other western state of equal intelligence, wealth or culture.

The man who would write a complete and accurate history of Iowa must go to other states for much of his material.

The State Historical Society at Iowa City, organized in 1857, has done as much as a few men, devoted to the cause, could do personally and without means. But the results of their work have been small. Such men as Theodore S. Parvin, Dr. Frederick Lloyd, Henry W. Lathrop, M. W. Davis, Col. S. C. Trowbridge, Dr. S. W. Huff, A. R. Fulton and Samuel Storrs Howe are entitled to public gratitude for what they have done. But what has been saved by these men is in an out-of-the-way place and its usefulness must be limited until it is by some amicable arrangement brought to Des Moines, where it properly belongs, in the Historical Department at the State House.

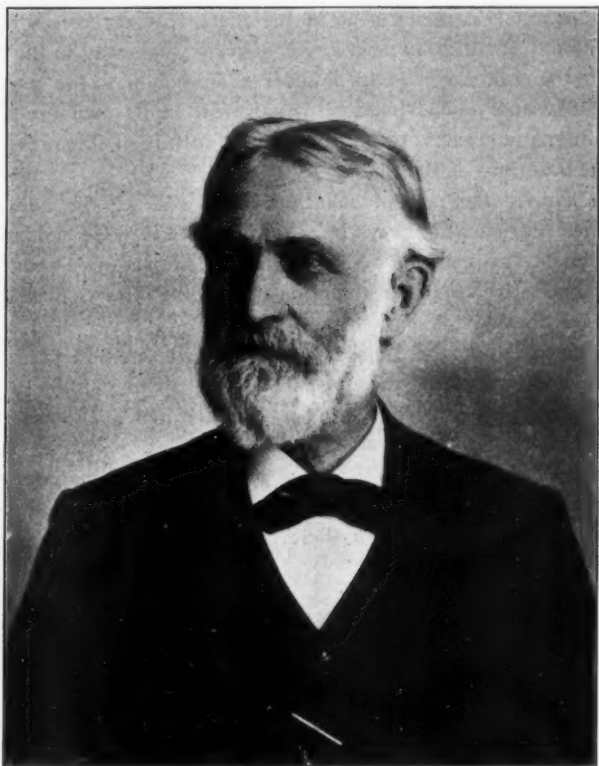
At an early day in her career Wisconsin initiated an effort to preserve not only the data for her own history, but that of all North America. Of course this is done so far as details are concerned by specialists, and these individuals are by no means plentiful. No state seems to be possessed of more than one or two at any one time. Lyman C. Draper years ago pitched his tent in Wisconsin, and by dint of the hardest labor succeeded in convincing her legislators of the wisdom of saving up the materials of her history, "the short and simple annals of the poor," as well as the records of the grandest exploits in arms. And so to-day she possesses collections which are not only the pride of her own people, but the marvel of every man who has seen them or read of their extent.

Quite the reverse of this, the collections in Iowa have been so meager as to awaken a sense of wonder at their absolute paucity. Why this difference? To answer this question to-day would be a matter of mere speculation. Iowa had at an early day at least one born specialist, who would possibly have proven the equal of Draper, in the person of Theodore S. Parvin; but he was not sustained and encouraged by the politicians in control. And hence, most of these details of early history, of the Indians and the pioneers before whose steady advance they faded away, and for the most part that of the powers that were themselves, have passed into oblivion. The men who then stamped out the history of their state, or, were indifferent to its preservation, are now forgotten. All along for the past fifty years regrets at this mistaken policy have found expression in state newspapers, but this has only recently led to any effort to seek a remedy.

Iowa owes it to one man that this need is being supplied — that these original sources of information are not suffered to dry up. It is only necessary to have a central place where this matter may drift of itself, to gain much that is valuable; but when the services of intelligent and industrious collectors are added, the preservation of the history of the State may begin in earnest, as it has been and is now well under way by Hon. Charles Aldrich, curator, and ex-Lieutenant Governor B. F. Gue, secretary, of the Iowa Historical Department. Mr. Aldrich is determined that his department shall be of the greatest good to the people. The rooms of the department are already running over with the most valuable material gathered from all the earth respecting the men and women who have made a place in history and in literature, and especially about those in Iowa.

Briefly, the department contains autograph letters, manuscripts, original official documents, portraits and biographical sketches of statesmen, soldiers, authors, artists, professional men,—in short, men and women who have attracted attention in the world, from the obscure Iowa legislator to Napoleon Bonaparte; from Ella Wheeler Wilcox to George Eliot. These number thousands, all arranged in cases under glass. Accompanying this is a reference library, bearing especially on Iowa history, which will no doubt be made complete some day by putting with it all similar matter in

the State Library. A bill eventually looking to this result was passed by the last legislature. The number of official documents and pamphlets on State affairs is enormous and they are made useful by being indexed.



Charles Schuch

The Department has the United States census reports complete from 1840 — when slaves were held in Iowa — and is now striving to complete them from the foundation of the Nation. It also

contains the largest collection of books relating to North American Indians to be found in the State.

It has the friendship of every true Iowan who understands its purposes. It is growing in popularity and usefulness every day. The number of visitors is increasing and more are coming with note-books. No department in the State House receives more attention. It will soon need larger quarters, and away in the dim future the enthusiasm of its founder enables him to see a great State Museum and Historical Department in its own fire-proof building, a monument to the wisdom and culture of this preserver of the traditions of the State.

Whatever the present collection may lead to, the name of Charles Aldrich will always be associated with it. He has built a monument to the memory of his name in his work, more enduring and productive of better thoughts concerning him than all the stone shafts that could be reared.

The spirit of the Department is a broad one and practical. There is very little of the museum feature about it, though the unthinking may consider it in that light, and look at the treasures Mr. Aldrich has collected as mere curiosities. Nothing is so offensive to him as to be considered a mere collector of autographs and curios. He has had a hard fight to establish the utility of his department, but I think there is no question but that he has done so.

The most important feature of the work of the Historical Department is the collection and preservation of the evidences of the growth and development of the State. These have been suffered to disappear and become the property of other collections in other states far distant and beyond the reach of our own people. Men are dying every day and carrying with them history that can never be recorded because there is no one to recognize its importance until it has disappeared. The newspapers of the State are constantly bringing to the surface information about disputed points, or points that will be disputed in the near future, that if properly collated would be of inestimable value to the future historian.

The best means in use by the Department in carrying out its purposes is the publication called the *Annals of Iowa*, which

appears quarterly and is full of important historical matter from first hands, each number containing several portraits. The *Annals* was started in Iowa City in 1863 by the State Historical Society. Its editors were the Rev. S. S. Howe, Prof. T. S. Parvin, Dr. S. W. Huff and Dr. Frederick Lloyd, the latter being now editor of the *Historical Record*. In October, 1871, the publication was suspended for lack of patronage. The Rev. S. S. Howe revived it in 1882 on a small scale, but let it drop in 1884. The publication was resumed by the Historical Department, under the editorship of Mr. Aldrich, in April, 1893. It is sent in exchange to newspapers and periodicals and thus brings much of value to the Department.

The future historian will find an inexhaustible storehouse of information in the newspapers of the State, that are being filed in the rooms of the Department. Generally two, and in some cases several newspapers, daily or weekly, from each county in Iowa are filed and bound, besides several of the leading dailies of Chicago and New York. In no other place in the State can such a cyclopedia of State information be found.

Perhaps the most interesting item of this newspaper collection is the bound volume of the *Dubuque Visitor*, the first newspaper printed in Iowa. It was published by John King and the date of the first number is May 11, 1836. On May 17, 1837, the name was changed to the *Iowa News*. It was at infinite pains that Mr. Aldrich secured this greasy old volume, which includes several months of the *Iowa News*, and is invaluable for the history it contains. Among the other newspapers of most importance in the collection are Mr. Gue's old paper, the *Iowa Northwest*, published at Fort Dodge, from 1861 to 1872; the *Iowa State Register*, from 1867 to 1884; the *Dubuque Herald*, for about forty years, and Mr. Aldrich's paper, the *Webster City Freeman*, from 1857 to 1863,—when the editor locked up the office and went into the Union army as Adjutant of the Thirty-second Iowa Infantry. Besides these and many other newspaper files, several volumes of rare old single numbers have been collected and bound together.

The influence of Charles Aldrich has been felt through the life of the State since he has been a resident of it. At different times he has been the editor of the *Hamilton Freeman*, the *Dubuque Times*, the *Marshall Times* and the *Council Bluffs Nonpareil*, the

first of which he founded. He has been a member of the Iowa Legislature and four times chief clerk of the House. No man is better informed on State history than he, for he has borne an active part in it.

While he was in the Legislature Mr. Aldrich took a leading part in securing the repeal of the grange railway legislation of 1874, and the passage of the railroad commission law. He also did more than any other man to secure the repeal of the old county judge law and the adoption of the supervisors system. He wrote the bill that repealed the county judge law and devised the circuit and district court system which succeeded it. The service he has rendered the State will be more generally appreciated in future years, for the material he has collected will become more and more valuable. For years he has helped to make a place for Iowa in the literary world by his contributions to literary periodicals and the great dailies of the East, where he has always been welcome as a writer. The valuable collection of periodical literature in the State Library is largely due to his suggestion.

Mr. Aldrich has been the means of bringing to the State House a number of portraits of our great men, painted by Iowa artists now resident in the East. Chief among the artists is Mr. George H. Yewell, N. A., now of New York City, formerly an Iowa City man. He is a painter of still life and has won international fame. He has painted the portraits of ex-Governor Kirkwood, Judges Geo. G. Wright and John F. Dillon, General G. M. Dodge, Theo. S. Parvin, ex-Governors Chambers and Lowe. Mr. D. J. Gue, also an Iowa man, has painted the portraits of ex-Governor Merrill, ex-Railway Commissioner L. S. Coffin, Bishop Lee, ex-Governor Carpenter, Judge Beck and Judge Reed.

Mr. Aldrich has been generous to others pursuing a similar line of work and has helped whenever he could to further the ends of contemporaneous collectors and historians.

I use the term "historian," for I maintain that Charles Aldrich is in the highest sense an historian, because he has gathered the original testimony of the times upon which history is built.

As he had opportunity to secure something for his friend Parvin, the famous collector of Cedar Rapids, or for the State Historical Society at Iowa City, he freely gave it. He wants them to succeed

and has made common cause with them wherever he could. His unselfishness has not been unappreciated, for the collectors of the State have worked together to keep literary and historical valuables at home.



Matilda W. Aldrich.

Like many other men who have made a place for themselves on the world's roll of honor, Mr. Aldrich gives to his wife, Matilda Williams Aldrich, a large share of the credit for his success. She was always his companion and fellow-laborer, with

equal interest and equal share in all the good works of his life. They were married in Ridgeway, Orleans County, New York. They removed to Webster City in 1857, and together enjoyed the freedom and suffered the privations of pioneer life. They always found so much to commune with in Nature's kingdom that they never thought themselves lonely or unfortunate. In this crowning work of the autograph and historical collection she was his active partner till the last. She accompanied him to Europe when he was forming his acquaintance there. When the work in the State House began, she entered fully into it and helped to arrange the collection. A valuable library of old and rare editions of English and American poets that was hers is to be the property of the Department in the future. Her gentle, lofty influence may be traced all through the work that her surviving husband has done. Mrs. Aldrich died at Boone, September 18, 1892, a few days more than fifty-six years old.

John A. Kasson, statesman, diplomat and litterateur, has contributed liberally to the collection of original official documents and correspondence accumulated during his long public career. One of the letters in the collection throws a side-light upon a period of much embarrassment in official circles. It was on the occasion of the celebration of the centennial of the adoption of the constitution, at Philadelphia, in 1887, over which Mr. Kasson presided. The significant letter is this one :

MY DEAR MR. KASSON :

I have written you that I will attend the Centennial Constitution Ceremonies at Philadelphia. I now expect I will stop with a friend just out of the city. Shall certainly if they are at home, of which I am not positive.

If they are not, and I shall be the guest of the commissioners. I will *rely* on you to arrange so that I will not be at the same house with ex-President Hayes nor to be placed in the same carriage with him. You *must quietly* see that that is done.

Yours very truly,

H. HAMLIN.

Sept. 3, 1887.

HISTORY OF THE DEPARTMENT.

Away back in 1847, in Warren, Pennsylvania, there was a printer's devil in the office of the Warren *Mail*, who one morning, while sweeping out the office, saw his employer, Ephraim Cowan, throw away an envelope on which was a frank by Thomas H. Benton. The boy picked the envelope up and carefully cut out the frank, and there was the beginning of the now famous

autograph and historical collection preserved in the Capitol building at Des Moines. For the boy was Charles Aldrich and that was his first autograph. Five years later he went to Washington and was introduced to old Sam Houston. Seeing a pile of documents unaddressed, Aldrich asked Houston's secretary to have the old man frank one of them for him, and it came some days later by mail. That autograph is still preserved in the collection and is one of the most highly prized by the collector. But Mr. Aldrich has never been a mere collector of auto-



CHARLES AND MRS. ALDRICH.

Founders of the famous Aldrich Collection in the Historical Department at the Iowa State Capitol. Mr. Aldrich at the age of 23, Mrs. Aldrich at 16.

graphs. Whatever he has given place in his department has always had an enduring educational purpose.

In the winter of 1884, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich presented to the State, through the trustees of the State Library, a simple autograph collection which Mr. Aldrich had commenced making in his boyhood. While he had never been a collector to any marked extent, he had saved up such letters, manuscripts and portraits as naturally fell in his way as a printer and journalist. This was promptly accepted, the late Chief Justice Beck being quite

instrumental in the matter. He also urged Mr. Aldrich to consider it but a commencement and go on with its enlargement. But the function of the trustees ended here. They had control of no means from which to build the cases required and could only request this from the capitol commissioners. Thus, after the collection was accepted, and the gift made widely known through the press, the donor was compelled to come to Des Moines and urge the building of the required cases. Otherwise the enterprise must have failed. Not a dollar could be obtained from the legislature of 1886. In fact, the enterprise was looked upon as the mere vagary of a crank. The legislature of 1888 appropriated \$1,000 from which the third and fourth cases were built. Meantime Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich went on with the collecting, paying their own money freely for many precious additions. Coming to a keen appreciation of the right of the State in the matter of collecting the data of its own history, Mr. Aldrich began the attempt to awaken public attention to the subject through the press. The columns of the *Iowa State Register*, *Sioux City Journal* and *Keokuk Gate City* were freely opened to him, and to this work the results achieved are largely due. It required much earnest effort to inspire the belief that the effort was anything else than visionary.

The Twenty-fourth General Assembly passed a law establishing the Historical Department permanently with a fixed appropriation, and making the original Aldrich collection a part of it. The State Library Board was given control of the Department and Hon. Charles Aldrich was made the curator, the term being six years, and Hon. B. F. Gue was appointed secretary. The new department was opened on the first day of July, 1892.

Mr. Aldrich has given his entire time to the work from 1884 to the present date. He has received a small salary, not at all commensurate with the work he has done. But he has not been doing this work for pecuniary profit. If he had, he would not have devoted several years of his time wholly without compensation and spent several thousand dollars out of his own private purse in collecting the rich store of material which he has bestowed upon the State.

In 1885, he made a second trip to Europe for the purpose of forming acquaintances and adding to his collection. He was

successful, probably as much so as any man who ever undertook such a mission. He spent several weeks in London, where he was materially aided by the Hon. Edward J. Phelps, minister of the United States to the Court of St. James. Among the acquaintances formed there was that of William Michael Rossetti, a biographical



THE VICTORIA GROUP.

In the Aldrich Collection—Portraits of and Autograph Letters from the Queen and the Prince Consort.

writer and art critic, brother of the world-renowned poet and painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Another good friend was Aubrey De Vere, the Irish poet.

Among the treasures which Mr. Aldrich obtained on this trip was a fine autograph manuscript of Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break"; some pages of the manuscript of Macaulay's "History

of England," and of Darwin's "Origin of Species"; autograph writings by both the Brownings and of many of the Royal family, and a letter by Robert Burns which Mr. Aldrich purchased in Edinburgh for fifty dollars. He afterwards secured a fine manuscript page, written especially for this collection by Queen Victoria, and from the author, Sir Theodore Martin, K. C. B., the original draft of his letter informing Her Majesty of the completion of his Life of Albert, the Prince Consort.

THE MUSEUM.

It is the hope of Mr. Aldrich to lay the foundation of a museum which shall contain collections in natural history, geology, mineralogy, military relics, mementoes of the pioneer settlers, prehistoric stone implements and such general and miscellaneous curios as find a final lodgment in like institutions elsewhere. Of course, the greatest point to be attained by the historical department is the collection of the data for State and Western history, and beyond this the building up of as large a museum as possible for the instruction and entertainment of the people. The most important objects which have become the property of the State during the past year are the five large casts from the United States Geological Survey and the Bureau of Ethnology at Washington, D. C. These include casts of "The Grand Canon of the Colorado River of the West," "Map Model of Northwestern Iowa," and "Mt. Taylor, New Mexico," contributed by the United States Geological Survey. From the Bureau of Ethnology there have been received beautiful models of a cliff house and ruin in Canon de Chelly, Arizona, and the famous ruin of Wejeji, New Mexico. The Department has received from the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum several boxes of minerals, specimens of aboriginal pottery, stone implements, casts of stone implements, *et cetera*. There are now on exhibition several very valuable private collections of ancient and rare books, curios, mammals, birds, and birds' eggs.

This feature of the Historical Department, while already one of great interest, is full of rich promise,—thanks to the pioneer workers, whose services I have endeavored to outline.

ARTESIAN WELLS AND IRRIGATION IN THE DAKOTAS.

BY HENRY L. CHAFFEE.



WHILE the system of irrigating land for agricultural purposes is as old as history itself, the subject can never become a *dry* one.

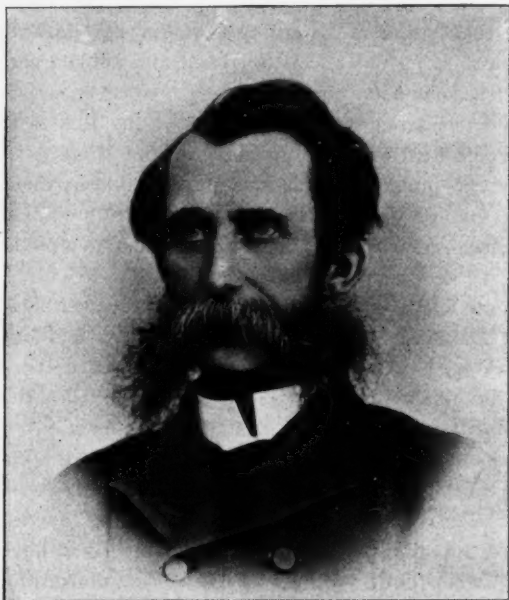
Noah and his descendants, or the Egyptians at the Red Sea, may have been confronted with too much water, but these were isolated cases, for the problem which has universally perplexed man is that of not enough water. Nature is a bountiful provider, but man must utilize — here to draw off a surplus, there to provide a deficiency.

There is no more fertile or productive land on the continent than that of the Dakotas. The soil responds quickly, and but little labor is necessary to secure enormous crops, provided there is sufficient moisture at a critical time. The annual rainfall of the Dakotas for the past ten years is 16.82, or more than that of either New York or Ohio. The lack of rain in June or July has, however, at different times proved very damaging to the growing crop over large areas. The eastern portion of the state, along the Big Sioux, and the southeastern part, along the Missouri river, have suffered the least from drouth. Here note the wisdom of Nature, or Nature's God. That part of the state where, at times, there appears a deficiency of water for agricultural or stock purposes is provided with a supply below the surface, never-failing, inexhaustible, and with a fountain-head — somewhere — which sends it high in air over the tallest church spire, filling reservoirs to be used for flooding large areas of land, or turning machinery, from a hundred-and-fifty-barrel mill per day to a common feed mill. The mill may never grind with the water that is past, but this same water flows out to the lakes and streams, filling them up and increasing evaporation, or is husbanded in reservoirs to be used for irrigating when necessity demands. Man has but to strike the water-bearing rock, "and water gushes forth."

This artesian basin stretches along the James river valley from Yankton north into North Dakota for over four hundred miles, varying in width from fifty to one hundred miles.

THE ARTESIAN BASIN. Over fifteen thousand square miles, or over ten million acres, are now positively known to lie in this belt,—more land than either Vermont or New Hampshire, and nearly half the size

of the state of Iowa.



HON. C. S. FASSETT.

State Engineer of South Dakota, and active promoter of the Artesian Well Movement.

Artesian wells are obtainable now from ten to thirty miles east of the James river and west to the Missouri, with the exception of the divide about half way between the James and the Missouri, where the high altitude prevents their being sunk at a profit.

South Dakota alone now has over one hundred and fifty high-pressure flowing wells, besides an almost countless number of small or low-pressure wells. The deep wells vary from four hundred to one thousand feet in depth and are usually either four and a half, six, or eight inches in diameter.

COST OF SINKING. The contract price for a six-inch well cased up and doing business is from three to four dollars a foot. Good flowing wells for stock purposes are often obtained at a depth no greater than fifty or one hundred feet. Sanborn, Miner and other counties are full of these shallow wells. One farmer, for example,

having bored down forty-five feet with a two-inch auger strikes a perpetual flow, cases it with two-inch second-hand gas pipe, securing water enough for a good stock farm, at a cost of less than fifteen dollars.

Recognizing the great advantages to be derived from the multiplication of these wells, the state has enacted a law providing for a state engineer, and also for the bonding of townships for the sinking of not to exceed nine six-inch wells in a township. A large number of the first wells were sunk by incorporated towns, the water being used for domestic purposes and fire protection, and in several instances the pressure utilized for running electric light plants. The pressure varies from fifty to one hundred and fifty pounds per square inch. These gushers not only afford excellent fire protection, but the best of power for manufacturing. The stream when reduced and thrown against a turbine wheel has proved satisfactory as a motive power for flouring mills, feed mills, brick plants or electric light works, while with the use of a water motor sufficient power may be obtained for running elevators, sewing machines, creameries and hundreds of small factories where power is necessary.



REV. DR. BLACKBURN,

President of Pierre University, and prominent in the Irrigation Movement in the Dakotas.

THESE IMMENSE SPOUTERS. Some of these immense spouters should be seen to be appreciated. For instance, the Chamberlain well put down by the Milling Company is six hundred feet deep and eight inches in diameter. It throws an eight-inch stream of water fourteen feet high or over three thousand gallons a minute, and when nozzled, a one-inch stream over two hundred feet high. Conceive of such a force as this, never freezing, never drying up, never blowing up or running down, and you have an idea of the value from a manufacturing standpoint. They gush as incessantly as a wild western senator!

The celebrated Risdon well, at Huron, affords fire protection, water for domestic purposes, and power enough to run an electric light plant. So great is the pressure that about one-half the water is allowed to waste to prevent the bursting of the mains.

The well in the Valley Stock Farm, two miles distant from Huron, is nine hundred and sixty feet deep, exerts a pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch, and the roar of this veritable geyser can be heard for two miles when the wind is favorable.

At Hitchcock a sixty-barrel mill has been run since 1890 with power from a four-inch well.

At Mellette, a milling company rent enough power from the city to operate their mill, the city using the balance for manufacturing electricity for lighting. The town derives a rental sufficient to pay the interest on its bonds and its lights cost nothing.

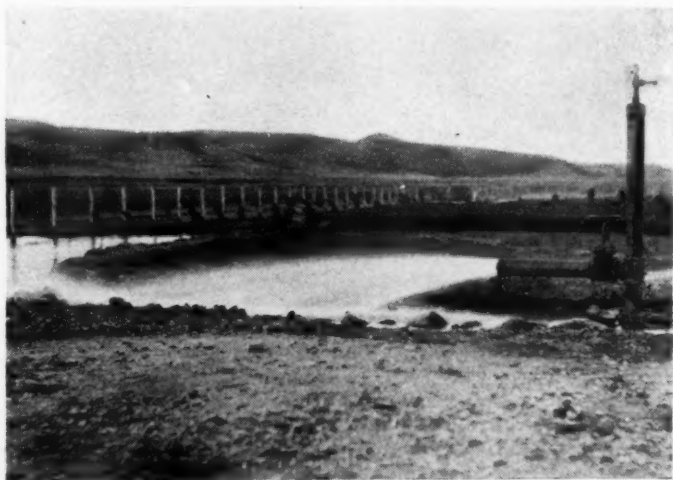
We might weary our readers with an enumeration of the various mills which we have seen in operation through artesian pressure during the past two years, but valuable as this power will prove in a manufacturing way, and as greatly as it will contribute to the building up of the towns and cities, we believe that its greatest achievements will be along the line of irrigation.

To sink the wells, build reservoirs for storage, and construct waterways is necessarily expensive, but not more so per acre than the drainage of low lands in Illinois or Iowa, with the investment in favor of the former, for, once accomplished, a large crop is absolutely certain.

YIELD ON IRRIGATED LAND. Mr. Harry Hunter, of Mellette, representing the S. D. L. & I. Co.'s farm, is enthusiastic on the results of irrigation. This farm contains eight hundred acres, one-half

of which is under irrigation. The water is stored in a reservoir covering five acres, and about five feet in depth. Around this reservoir, or artificial lake, are planted over fifty thousand willows. Last year the ground irrigated produced from thirty to fifty bushels of wheat per acre, while land adjoining only yielded ten to fifteen bushels. The ratio held good in oats.

The results on the Consolidated Land and Irrigation Company's farm, eight miles north of Huron, are not less favorable. One piece of wheat (Scotch Fife) measured fifty-three bushels per



SCENE NEAR PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA.
Pierre's Inexhaustible Supply of Artesian Well Water.

acre; oats averaging eighty bushels per acre, on irrigated land. The artesian water is always from ten to twenty degrees warmer than the mean temperature, so that the growing crop is not temporarily checked, as is the case in Colorado and other countries where snow water is used from the mountains.

Irrigation has so far in Dakota been of an experimental character, and carried on only in isolated cases. A movement is, however, on foot looking toward a more general system.

THE TOWNSHIP PLAN. It is not unlikely that the township plan will prevail, whereby nine or more wells will be sunk and suitable reservoirs

constructed for storage purposes, from the sale of artesian bonds. Complete the system in a township, and every acre of land quadruples in value. It is the history of irrigated land everywhere. The crop is as certain as the rising and the setting of the sun or the overflowing of the Nile.

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD. The source or fountain-head of this subterranean supply is not known. The most plausible of the various theories advanced is, perhaps, the Missouri river source. Early surveyors



SCENE ON SHADELAND FARM.
A Lake Supplied with Water from an Artesian Well.

reported that the volume of water of the Missouri river seemed not more than half as great below as above the falls. Later on, railroad engineers discovered the bed of the James river to be about one hundred feet lower than the bed of the Missouri river.

Porous quaternary sandstone is the water-bearing rock — a layer of non-porous rock below the sandstone, and the impenetrable limestone and clay above. The water, sandwiched between, pierces the upper crust, strikes the water-bearing sandstone, and you have a spouter, as perpetual and inexhaustible as the flow of the Missouri. For twelve centuries the artesian wells of Spain

have been flowing. There is no reason why those of Dakota will prove more fickle ; or, to make it safe, we may reasonably expect them to flow a thousand years. After that, who cares? As Pat said, "What did posterity ever do for us, anyhow?"

The water is found as a rule healthful for drinking purposes. There is scarcely a trace of organic matter, and, although highly mineralized, it has not sufficient alkali to injure growing grasses.

The farm provided with an artesian well, even though the water is not used for general irrigation purposes, has many advan-



Flowing Well on Shadeland Farm, Bon Homme County, South Dakota.

tages. The water is used for sprinkling gardens, lawns and fruit trees. Artificial lakes may be easily maintained, insuring ice in the winter and fishing and boating in the summer.

Such an ideal farm I visited near Tyndall. "Shadeland Farm" is owned by A. Zienert. It contains a seven-acre pond stocked with carp, a large fruit-bearing orchard, a beautiful fountain in the front yard, an abundance of water summer and winter for stock, and that without pumping.

While in the town of Tyndall, I witnessed a fire which threatened to be a serious conflagration for a small village. It was

extinguished in ten minutes with water thrown from an artesian well.

The Engineer of this great system never sleeps. The fire pressure is always on.

It requires no prophet, neither the son of a prophet, to predict that this great belt will soon blossom as the rose. The topography of the country is favorable to this system. For miles in Dakota I have seen the wheat fields so level that you could hardly imagine you were not looking upon the green waves of the ocean. The green fields of grain, swaying and rolling beneath the breeze were the waves of the sea.

To build a city or a town, water, light and power are necessary. They are all here; even more, for the wheel turned by artesian pressure will generate electricity to heat your house.

Within ten years, we predict, it will be no uncommon sight to see a group or neighborhood of Dakota farmers unite in the expense of sinking an artesian well, mutually using both the water from a common reservoir for irrigation and the power from an electric plant, operated by artesian pressure, for lighting and heating and for running farm machinery.

Storage batteries will harness the world's greatest motive power to the gang-plow and the harvester; but this is attempting to divine the future. For the present it is enough to know that mills are now run more cheaply, and crops are not only made certain, but multiplied three-fold by the artesian wells and irrigation of to-day.

NOTE—The writer is indebted to Hon. C. S. Fassett, State Engineer, President McLouth of the Agricultural College and the editor of the *Dakota Farmer*, for valuable information in preparing this article.



THE COTEAUS OF DAKOTA.

OH, the coteaus of Dakota, hear them sing,—
 Mimic mountains of the prairies fair and free,—
 In their music hear the prophecy they bring
 Of the grandeur of Dakota's jubilee!
 Harken at the dawning to their singing,
 Hear the chorus of the peaks, bravely ringing:—

*"We wave the grass, we strew the flowers,
 We feed these sparkling springs of ours,
 We drink the rain, we blue the lakes,
 We drift the winter's pliant flakes."*

Hear the merry morning chorus of the peaks!

*"Our gracious soil the garner fills,
 The flocks are scattered on our hills;
 In plenty's store, in perfect health,
 We've comfort and abundant wealth."*

Hear the thrifty morning chorus of the peaks!

*"We see our bluffs and coulees throng
 With men and women fair and strong,
 With every gift and every grace
 Becoming the supremest race."*

Hear the grand prophetic chorus of the peaks!

Oh, the coteaus of Dakota, hear them sing,—
 Mimic mountains of the prairies fair and free,—
 In their music hear the prophecy they bring
 Of the grandeur of Dakota's jubilee!

WATERTOWN, SOUTH DAKOTA.

Doane Robinson.

THE BREAK-UP.

I HEARD a boisterous bluster, borne on the southwest breeze;
 I heard a twitter of triumph, somewhere among the trees;
 And then a soft, sweet whisper, as silv'ry as the tongue
 Of children laughing gaily, the forest trees among;
 I saw a white cloud floating far in the deeper blue—
 I saw and heard and wondered; and by these signs I knew
 That Spring had come rejoicing! And life leaped up to greet
 The new-born hope and gladness, so full and fair and sweet!

WAPELLO, IOWA.

Charles Blanchard.



From Photograph by Somers.

PRESIDENT GEORGE A. GATES IN HIS STUDY.

IOWA COLLEGE, GRINNELL.

BY HERVY SMITH McCOWAN.

AMONG the institutions of advanced education in America there is to be found a peculiar type of the denominational college; a type so distinct that it is easily traced from east to west through the intricate labyrinth of other educational institutions. I refer to that class represented by such names as Williams, Miami, Illinois and Beloit. They were founded to meet the imperative demands of advancing civilization upon the frontier. They came into being under similar conditions; were built by like sacrifices; were fostered by the same spirit; have left the tone of rare culture in their communities and hold conspicuous places of honor in their respective states. The subject of this paper belongs to that type of college.

"Iowa College grew out of conventions held for the purpose of promoting Christian education in Iowa Territory. Davenport was selected as the site on condition that the citizens should furnish requisite grounds and \$1,500 for building purposes. A large part of the amount was supplied by the 'College Association,' most of whose members were home missionaries living on four hundred dollars a year, or less." The college was formally opened November 1, 1848, having been incorporated under the territorial laws the year previous. But the locality proved uncongenial and the building was inadequate to the demand. The trustees, by a strenuous effort,

erected a large stone building in another part of the city — now the site of Griswold College. All the funds for this new building, \$25,000, were raised in the state. It is impossible for the present generation, with its affluence of cultivated fields, close markets and numerous mercantile pursuits, to comprehend the great sacrifice necessary half a century ago in supplying, for education, what seems to us such a small sum. Should the citizens of Iowa to-day donate the same ratio per capita to any educational institution in the state, that institution would become at once independently self-supporting. It is never the relative wealth but always the relative spirit of sacrifice that makes one period or community as compared with another advantageous for the construction of civic or educational institutions. And while this spirit was manifest in the state, the college had not long been established when there was prevalent a nervous apprehension lest the immediate locality had been ill chosen. Davenport, as a river town, had other interests than education. It was essentially a commercial point and was absorbed in mercantile pursuits.



Child, Photographer.

REV. GEORGE D. HERRON.
"Chair of Applied Christianity."

The people were of a foreign element, and for the fullest growth in the college, as in all other American organizations, there must be the American enthusiasm pervasive and environing.

Just at this time, 1858, there were several offers of new sites from various towns in the state. Among them one from Grinnell, including a twenty-acre campus, and building almost finished — preparation having been made for a university. This proffer was accepted by the trustees of Iowa College, not so much because of the value of the property and the additional

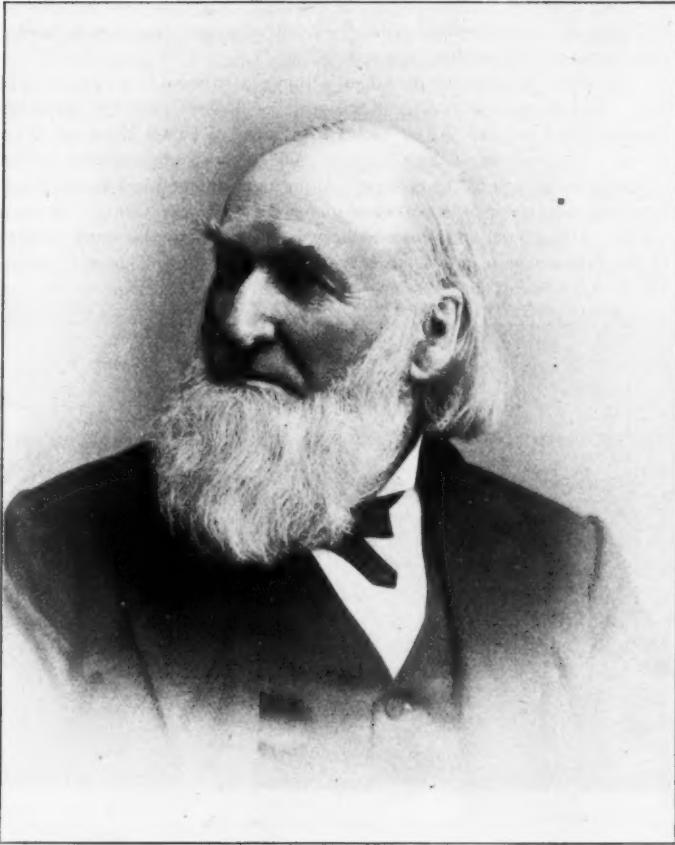
\$25,000 from the citizens—other towns had offered more—but rather because of the exceptionally moral, intelligent and religious community, and because of the central location in the state.

College work was suspended for one year for the purpose of moving and readjustment. There was no freshman class until 1861 when Professor L. F. Parker, principal of the academy and acting president, succeeded in preparing a class of twelve to enter the college. He was then called to the Chair of Ancient Languages and, excepting the few years of his professorship in the State University of Iowa, has been with Iowa College continuously since its foundation in Grinnell, now holding the Chair of History. I may say, without disparaging the influence of any of the many professors who have come and gone in this third of a century, that none have been closer to the student-heart or have received more of student-veneration than he, a man of many human parts, whose religion is incarnate in his life.

During the first fifteen years of the life of Iowa College there was no nominal president, the senior professor always acting in that capacity. But in 1863, Rev. George F. Magoun, D. D., of Davenport, was called to the presidency, and was inaugurated in June, 1865, after a leave of absence in Europe. In that solemn inauguration, twenty-nine years ago, a life was dedicated to Iowa College; a life that was steadfast in its purpose to found "the denominational college of the state"; a life that did not falter before tremendous discouragements or turn back from unprecedented obstructions; a life indeed that was destined to become national in reputation.

With the new president there was immediately manifest a stronger enthusiasm. The college enlarged its endowments and augmented its facilities for more comprehensive and thorough scholarship. The community was extraordinary in its education. It was a rare-bit of the thought—bow of eastern culture dipping to the western frontier. Horace Greeley, in a letter to the *Tribune*, 1871, wrote: "Scholarly parents have migrated hither from the east in order to secure the best education for their children and I doubt if there is a spot on earth better suited to their purpose. For Grinnell has one advantage as the site for a college, over any other community within my range of observation, in that no glass of liquor is or ever was sold there; and her people are equal in morality, intelligence and culture to any community on earth."

The college has been conspicuous probably not more for its efficient work than for its misfortune. During the winter of Mr. Greeley's visit, the large building known as "East College" was totally destroyed by fire; and eleven years later, June 17, 1882, when hope was full, when all doubts for the permanence of the college had disappeared, the elements of night conspired and ground to debris all that had been visible of Iowa College. No more destructive cyclone has ever visited the state than that which annihilated, in a moment, the monuments of thirty-five years of toil and sacrifice. The destruction was complete; all that could be resurrected



From Photograph by Child.

EX-PRESIDENT GEORGE F. MAGOUN, D. D.

were a few books, the chapel bell and a marble slab containing the death roll of soldier students.

We have no record of such a series of catastrophies having fallen to the lot of any other American institution of learning. It is only reasonable to suppose that such total demolition would have destroyed hope also; but there is a subtle invisible cord that binds the builder to his product and makes him jealous of its destruction. And then hope sometimes comes from the very chaos about us, for the flowers of most delicate tint and sweetest fragrance have grown from the funeral pyres of martyrdom. It

was only eighteen months until Iowa College was more than replaced in buildings and endowments. Then President Magoun, after almost twenty years of sacrificing service, resigned.

The choice of a college president—unlike a national—is always difficult. And it was only after three years of diligent searching that the trustees found and called Rev. George A. Gates, of Upper Montclair, New Jersey. The wisdom of the choice is attested most emphatically by the conspicuous growth of the college in all its departments and by the high grade of scholarship it has attained under the administration of President Gates. His reputation is cosmopolitan as evidenced by the many proffers of the presidency of much larger institutions than the college at Grinnell. He is aggressively progressive, a liberal in college discipline and in



Child, Photographer.

CYCLONE WRECK OF JUNE 17, 1882.

theology, and independently original. He is continually teaching by precept and practice that "who follows foot-prints makes no discoveries."

Such, in brief, is the history of Iowa College. But it is not with the past that we are most concerned. The past of anything is of little importance save as it has nurtured power for the present. But if we think awhile of the present we shall not be ignorant of the essentials of history or of the spirit and enthusiasm that have pervaded it.

Iowa College was founded a western Puritan college and it has retained at least one element of the proverbially Puritan spirit, in that it seeks a place and condition of entire freedom in thought and action; and the faculty give the same boon they seek. In striking contrast to many institutions there are no "rules of conduct." There does exist, however, a kind

of unwritten code which both faculty and students are scrupulous in having observed; and any breach of this college etiquette receives anathema as severely from the students as from the professors. The students enjoy the entire freedom of men and women and it is seldom abused. It has been interesting to watch the growth of this independent, self-disciplining spirit; for it has purified the college of those petty imbecile tricks so often noticed among students, and has cleansed athletics as nothing else could.

The athletics of the college have always been conspicuous. Just now there is a voluntary attempt on the part of the students to regulate them, only to the conservation of the greatest physical and mental energy, in order to prevent any destructive influence on scholarship. This is not



Photo, by Child.

"ORESTES IS DEAD!"

From Sophocles' Tragedy, "Electra," as produced in the original Greek at Iowa College.

merely an abstract impulse, it is effectually in practice; for the students, in the Athletic Union by-laws, have inserted a provision denying the privilege of entering any competitive athletic sport to those falling below a stipulated grade in class-room work. Those who would otherwise be poor students are compelled to maintain a respectable average with the class. This effort to make athletics subservient to scholarship is the project of the students, and is an evident outgrowth of the self-governing principle of the institution. Of course, the faculty warmly approve such a plan, for they, too, are ardent supporters of athletics so long as the practice does not interfere with study. After the closing game of foot-ball for the season of '93, in which the championship of the state was again won for Iowa College, President Gates,

in behalf of the faculty, presented Elston F. King, the captain of the team, with a beautiful gold foot-ball watch charm, thus showing their appreciation of diligent application in physical as in mental culture. This responsive sympathy between faculty and students has created a fine independence and has found an admirable equilibrium between books and sports with almost no friction. And this is not strange, for tolerant independence is the secret of harmony. Thus Iowa College has built up a reputation for scholarship and athletics, hardly equalled by any other western institution.

Such an atmosphere must irradiate, and so the influences that were first fostered for the good of the students have enveloped the faculty also; and their growth is as evident as the growth of students, which is indicative of a dearth of that specimen known in colleges as "fossils." The force of instructors are specialists of recognized ability. Many of them are men of graduate and foreign training, holding their degrees from the best institutions. It is also significant that one-third of the teaching force are Iowa College alumni.

In many western colleges there is a mania for conferring degrees. The A. M. and Ph. D. degrees, which should stand for thorough, advanced work, are scattered profusely without regard for the merit of the recipient. Every such degree is an educational lie and a defamation rather than an honor to him who receives it. It cheapens scholarship; disparages thorough graduate work and deceives the public. Believing this, the college at Grinnell gives but one degree—the A. M.—for graduate work; and this is conferred only after a year's resident, or two years' non-resident study; either to be under the direction of the faculty. The authorities are convinced that a college doing only college work cannot pursue such a course of advanced university study as to warrant them in conferring the Ph. D. degree. The honorary degrees, however, are conferred, but with rare discrimination.

Among the students there has been developed an exceptional literary culture that finds vent in a college paper, *The Unit*, which has gained more than local reputation among colleges; also in the *Cyclone*, an annual issued by the students; and through the "Press Association," an organization for the purpose of disseminating college and city news throughout the state. There are no fraternities, but in college and academy there are seven literary societies, three for women and four for men. Each year two of these societies, a women's and men's, combine their talents for the production of some drama. The most famous yet produced have been Tennyson's "Princess," Sheridan's "Rivals" and Sophocles' "Electra"; the last of which elicited wide comment from the press, the *Review of Reviews* paying it a special tribute in the article, "A Greek Play on the Prairies." As the outgrowth of this variety of training in literature, the students were enabled last year to publish a volume of poems that attracted very favorable notice and received flattering comment from such literary men as Edmund Clarence Stedman and Brander Mathews.

Just now the preparation for the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association building is absorbing the interest of the whole institution. About two years ago a few of the most active Christians met in a student's room to pray that such a building might be had at Iowa College. They afterwards solicited W. M. Parsons to address the students in the chapel. That was a great day. The students within an hour pledged ten thousand dollars. Seven thousand more were raised among the citizens and faculty, and a sufficient amount of the necessary balance has been pledged to warrant the beginning of the work. Plans have been accepted and the building will be erected this year. The equipment will be complete in every way, including a ladies' gymnasium. The entire cost will probably exceed thirty-five thousand dollars. The value of such a building, practically belonging to the students, cannot be estimated. Experience in other institutions has proven it to be a strong factor for good and an incentive to more active Christian work.

Iowa College has undergone a revolution or an evolution (the name is of no consequence since a revolution is only a violent breath of truth blowing on the fires of evolution) in the tone of its religious thought. As the result of this growth, there has been established by the endowment of Mrs. E. D. Rand, of Burlington, the department of Applied Christianity. Rev. George D. Herron, D. D., also of Burlington, is director of the department. This paper would be conspicuously incomplete did it not give more than passing mention of an addition to the curriculum that is of such striking significance.

The Chair of Applied Christianity is unique in that there is none like it to be found in any other college, European or American. The purpose of its existence is to make the study of Christianity a systematic part of college work. No creed, denominationalism or theology is taught; no text-book except the Bible is used, but there is a supplementary course of prescribed reading in addition to the regular class-room requirements. Professor Herron's work consists of five lectures each week, three on the subject of "Christian Sociology" and two concerning the "Philosophy of Christianity." His whole teaching is to inculcate a spirit of unselfishness and to make students willing and anxious to live a life of sacrifice as Christ lived, by adopting the potent factors of His life as the motive of their own; to make Him the pervasive spirit of business, society and politics, to *rule* them and all the affairs of the world.

This department has received an abundance of criticism from both the religious and secular press of the country, but it has never been my privilege to hear Christ exalted as He is in the class-room of Applied Christianity at Iowa College. And what is of much more weight than any individual's personal opinion could be, the whole body of students, with strangely few exceptions, who have this work regularly, have accepted and are striving to follow the sacrificing life of the Master. During the past five years (the period of my acquaintance with the college) there has never been such

profound religious thought and such utter abhorrence of all hypocrisies and phantasms as there is to-day.

In alliance with the department of Applied Christianity there has also been established what is known as the E. D. Rand Lecture Course, similar to the Yale and Bampton Lectures. The first series, "The Social Spirit as the basis of Hebraism and Christianity," were delivered by Rev. John P. Coyle, D. D., of North Adams, Massachusetts. The lectures were very attractive and drew large audiences.

From what has been said it may be easily understood that the college year is full. But there is such enthusiasm for the work of this department that it seems to flow over into vacations. For instance, during the week



Somers, Photographer.

A CORNER IN THE ART ROOM.

following commencement, there is held at the college "The Retreat," a resort where eminent men from all parts of the country meet to pray over and to discuss vital questions of religion and politics, and attempt to evolve methods by which to deal more effectually with the difficult problems of our times. "The Retreat" is not a social organization; no students work harder than these men while in session, holding from three to five meetings each day.

Just following the adjournment of "The Retreat," there convenes the "American Institute of Christian Sociology," composed of such men as Richard T. Ely, Lyman Abbott, Josiah Strong, Seth Low and many others of equal eminence. The objects of the "Institute" (quoting from the constitution) are: 1. "To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority

to rule social practice." 2. "To study in common how to apply the principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time." 3. "To present Christ as a Living Master and King of men, and His Kingdom as a complete ideal of human society to be realized on earth." The institute is national in character, but the summer conference is held under the auspices of Iowa College and the immediate management of Professor Herron, who is also "principal of instruction and organization."

In an institution where there are such varied and intense activities, a soul that has a capacity for great thoughts is likely to overtake some of them before graduation. To breathe for four years the atmosphere of



Child, Photographer.

A SUMMER VIEW OF THE CAMPUS.

independent fearless investigation of truth, makes young life inhale with great relish the prodigious revelations of modern evolution. It teaches that truth is not pigeon-holed precedent, but prospecting progress, and where there is such instruction who can estimate the dynamic power for good that is being generated?

NOTE.—For the facts concerning the early history, the writer is indebted to a pamphlet on Iowa College by Dr. Magoun.



THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT—FROM THE THAMES.

SUYDENHAM AND WESTMINSTER.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE—WEST END—WESTMINSTER BRIDGE—THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT—ST. MARGARET'S, CHURCH—THE TEMPLE OF FAME—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. IV.

A SHORT ride from Victoria station brings us to Suydenham, a suburb of London, on the south side, and the site of the famous Crystal Palace. To children in America way back in the fifties, the great Crystal Palace was a dream of magnificence which could not be likened to any other structure upon the earth, resembling more than anything else the temples which the artist, Cole, dimly pictured in the last of his once popular series, "The Voyage of Life," buildings "not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." A vast structure made wholly of glass and iron! one mass of golden light by night and glitter by day! How the picture lingered in the youthful imagination, and in comparison how "of the earth earthy" looked the structures of wood and brick and mortar all about us!

To those who only a few yesterdays ago stood in the shadow of the Manufactures Building at the Chicago Exposition, nothing made with hands can now be overwhelming because of mere size, and the effects of glass in architecture are now too common in American cities to awaken any especial wonder. And yet the Crystal Palace was worth the half-day given it. It is a stupendous dream substantially realized. It is, perhaps, the best monument to the good Prince Albert's memory; for the palace, with its artisan schools and science lecture courses, was first his dream and afterwards his project. It is also a lasting monument to the architectural skill

and resources of Sir Joseph Paxton. Its location is upon high ground overlooking six counties roundabout. Its high towers and turrets give it the appearance of an immense castle.

Not until the visitor has (by a long and wearisome climb) attained the interior and has stationed himself at one end of the nave, can he realize the great length of the building. The guide-book says it is 1,608 feet long, with lateral sections, two aisles and two transepts.

But what is all that space devoted to? This was the question we asked as we looked down that long center aisle. Our tramp began. It makes one tired to think of it. Booths without number, and with even a monotony of variety! A confused recollection of pretty and fantastic pottery, glass and china in all shapes for table use, photographs without end, books in all bindings and of all kinds, cutlery, leather goods, machinery of all makes (with prices all marked in pounds, shillings and pence), inviting cafés, grill rooms and resting places, statues so many as to make greatness seem to be the rule in England, trees and ferns growing by artificial heat and, in part, by refracted light,—that to us is the interior of the great Crystal Palace at Suydenham, as we recall it.

There are the artistic representations of life, with the science of living, on exhibition in the several courts, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Alhambra, Medieval, Elizabethan, *et cetera*. There is, to those who can afford time, a whole day's hard looking in the gallery, a vast aggregation of paintings and busts, some few of which have much merit. Then there are the gardens, a charming relief to the weary visitor after his long tramp. The view from the terraces is magnificent, showing the park in all its early spring beauty, the green struggling with the maroon and brown, and, in the distance, the fertile fields of Kent and the winding course of the Thames.

Back to the West End in time for dinner and a delightfully restful evening at "The Criterion," where London's high comedian par excellence, Mr. Wyndham, in "The Bauble Shop," nightly satirizes parliamentary careers and methods and reveals the saving strength of genuine love in hearts not all untrue.

We share an upper box with strangers, and, between scenes, are much interested in looking down upon London aristocracy, gorgeously arrayed in rich, neck-displaying gowns and glittering with diamonds. The modesty and self-sacrifice with which the gentlemen have attired themselves in "conventional black" that they may provide the essential contrast to the gay colors of the ladies would be highly commendable, but for the self-satisfied look they wear which reveals their secret, namely: they look best in black—or think they do!

It is forenoon again and we are off for that most interesting part of London known as Westminster. Dismissing our cab, we walk across Westminster bridge to get a view of the new home of Parliament. I say new, for the old palace was burned down about fifty years ago, and anything

in England less than a century old is new! The architecture of this Palace of Westminster is noble in conception and gratifying to the eye. It is, as the reader knows, in the late Gothic style, a style which must make this present century memorable in architecture. Our disappointment is that such a building, so grand and costly, and the great center of British thought, purpose and legislation, should be so shut in and should occupy ground so low. We recall by comparison the magnificent approaches to the Capitol

at Washington, and the grand height our Capitol occupies. The river front of the Palace is the most attractive, suggesting Venetian effects. The towers give much dignity to the edifice.

The winding course of the Thames through London runs all points of the compass together in what at first is inexplicable confusion. London bridge, for example, crosses the river on nearly a north and south line, while Waterloo bridge extends northwest and southeast and Westminster bridge extends due east and west. Going west from the last-named bridge we turn south, then west, and are under the shadow of St. Margaret's church, where down to 1858 the House of Commons was wont to attend services in state on four days designated in the christian year. This church was built in the time of Edward I. Here Sir Walter Raleigh, William Caxton and other great ones lie entombed. In front of the entrance to Parliament, Raleigh was executed in 1618.

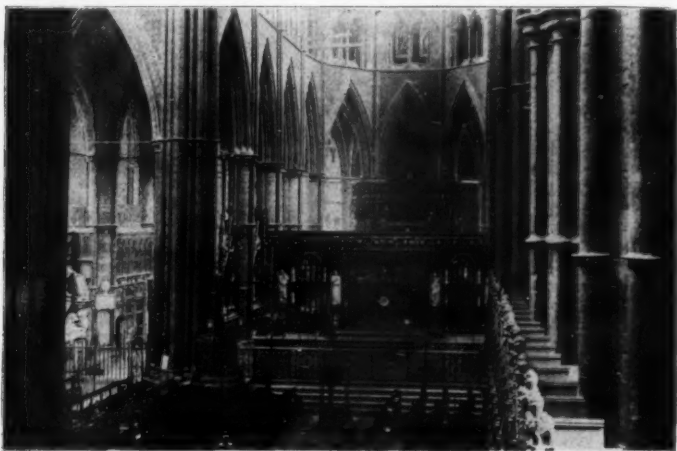


WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Speaking of Caxton, I am taken back to the printing office composing room, and to a term many times heard there,—the term "Chapel," as applied to the office organization for the enforcement of common fairness as between man and man, *et cetera*. I have several times vainly asked

printers where the term came from as so employed. It seems that back in Printer Caxton's time, along about 1476, the pioneer press of England was set up in the almonry adjoining this church, and the fact that the meetings of the printers' guild were held in the chapel of the almonry gave rise to the name "Chapel" as applied to the printers' meetings of to-day.

Just beyond St. Margaret's, towers the great Westminster Abbey, the best known of all English places of worship and associated with more of history than any other church edifice in the world. It has been fitly termed the Temple of Fame, for its burial vaults and monuments tell the story of England's glory in war, letters and the arts and sciences. The tale as here told in marble is fragmentary, without regard to chronology and with little



CHOIR — WESTMINSTER ABBEY — LOOKING EAST.

regard for the true relative greatness of men. Every footfall seems to be an act of irreverence in the presence of the great names about us.

The Abbey itself is a more imposing structure than I had expected to find. I had previously thought chiefly of its historic associations. But the grandeur of its gray walls rising high into the mist from amid the "heart of the world's heart," this great center of human activities, the solemn stillness of the interior, the ghostlike figures seen in the gloom, the auroral streaks of light from the stained glass windows penetrating the darkness and bringing into prominence some monument or entablature, or some rare cutting in stone, altogether made a deep and lasting impression.

Entering the north transept we find a lenten service about to begin. Taking a seat near the choir we see the surplined men and boys march in and take their places, and we hear a chorus of praise which will long ring in our ears.

In due time a man of noble presence and benignant countenance impressively reads the scripture lesson of the morning. The reader is Canon Duckworth, one of the many grand men of the English church.

Shall I attempt to describe the interior in detail, with its several rare and beautiful chapels, its cloisters, its chapter house, its treasures of bygone ages? Months spent in investigation and days spent in writing would but cover the subject in the most general way. Real greatness is here crowded into a corner, and the hero of his little day has been made unduly prominent! Here, for instance, beside Pitt and Canning is an overshadowing monument to the memory of John Holles, duke of Newcastle. Sir Isaac Newton, Charles Darwin and the unknown Lord John Thynne are



POET'S CORNER—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

here on terms of equality. In the south aisle, James Cragg and William Wordsworth are alike honored with statues.

But, to American students of English literature, the Poet's Corner is the most interesting part of the Abbey. Here the same lack of relativity in greatness is even more strikingly apparent. Grote, the great historian of Greece, shares one grave with Bishop Thirlwall, the almost unknown historian. Garrick, the immortal actor, and Casaubon, the comparatively unknown scholar; Addison, Handel, Macauley, Thackeray, Browning, Spenser and Chaucer, confusedly associate, in this mock immortality, with such unknowns as Grabe, Shadwell, Busby, South and Hawle! Paraphrasing the inscription which John Gay facetiously composed for his own tomb, (to be seen next to the Goldsmith Medallion), may we not with far more of truth say of fame, as Gay said of life:

Fame is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, and now I know it!

EDITORIAL COMMENT.

THE broadening of our definition of "news" is a marked feature of this decade. Our newspapers are giving no less space now than formerly to reports of "battle, murder and sudden death," but they are yielding more and still more space to the demand for news from the world of thought. The reading public is coming to see as never before that the building of a school in a school-less community, the endowment of a chair for the study of literature or philosophy, the organization of a club for mutual improvement, the growth of a dead church into newness of life, the infusion of intellectual life and moral force into newspaper columns which before were dead, the advent of a book for which the world waits,—these, and such as these, are the real, far-reaching events in our community life, beside which the details of fisticuffs and court-room duels and legislative experimentation sink into insignificance.

* * *

AN event occurred in London on Tuesday, the third day of April, 1894, which, in actual importance to England and in interest to the outside world, transcends the aggregated winter's work of the British Parliament. That event was the appearance of a new book, and that book a novel, and that novel the work of a woman young in the forties, who only seven years ago was wholly unknown to the reading world! To-day the author of "Marcella" is the crowned queen of English fiction, the undisputed successor of George Eliot as the illustrator of the life and thought and hope and purpose of her race and her time. Let no one turn to Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel expecting to find therein a settlement of the irrepressible conflict between conservatism and radicalism,—or rather, between conservative socialism and extreme socialism; for we are socialists all, as is shown by our school laws, our road laws, and other wholesome regulations for the general welfare, the difference between us and our neighbors being one of degree. The social importance of this book lies in the strength and intensity of the picture drawn, the human sympathy which that picture arouses, and the almost divine compassion with which the reader is made to regard all sides of questions that we are too wont to view from a local, interested and one-sided standpoint. This book gathers up the odds and ends of the great irrepressible questions classed as socialistic, and places them at the forefront of the world's thought and discussion. It does not promise to be to the English land-tenure question what "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was to the slavery question; but the force of the book's suggestion is so great that it can only be weakened by further concessions from the landed aristocracy. This is hardly to be expected; for the English tory knows little variableness or shadow of turning, ever religiously striving to image his Creator in at least one respect, constantly aiming to prove himself the same to-day, yesterday

"Marcella," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Two volumes. \$2.00. Macmillan & Company, Publishers, 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

shy, don't giggle and blush as they used to in my young days; they look as if you meant to insult them, and they weren't going to allow it!" Note Mr. Richard Boyce, Marcella's reprobate father, who with complacency regards his late reformation "which, if the truth were known, was due rather to a certain lack of physical energy and vitality which age had developed in him, than to self-conquest." His wife was all the conscience he had. "His fear of her and need of her had even come to supply the place of a dozen ethical instincts he was naturally without." Lady Winterbourne is tall, stately, almost tragic, and yet we find in her "a curious strain of womanish, nay childish, weakness, appealingness." She had the odd habit of "fixing her eyes upon a person, and then forgetting what she had done with them." Hallin, Raeburn's next friend, looks Marcella over, and, though struck with her beauty, is forced to describe her in the two words, "immaturity—uncertainty." Mary Harden, dear old-fashioned maid that she is! What a relief from the strange ins and outs of the heroine's passions, to hear from Mary that outburst of sentiment, "It seems to me so plain and easy—to be in love, and give one's self *all*—to that!" Then there is Wharton, the chief disturber in this limited Eden. A half dramatic, half earnest socialist, he plays with Marcella's foibles; he is almost sincerely in love with her personality, but does not conceal his contempt for Marcella's amateurish efforts to reform everything and everybody. He chooses for himself that part in life which "brings most thrill." Hence he throws himself into the workmen's war—but only to betray the workmen at the last. Half wantonly, half seriously, he wins Marcella away from her lover and audaciously plays upon her heartstrings. Odd compound of angel and devil! In the workmen's meeting a tremendous power, in the hut of the poor the children's delight, in the home of the Boyces a wanton disturber of the peace. We have already thrown several sidelights upon the hero and the heroine. Aldous Raeburn is to the outside world cold, reserved, and cursed by an inherited "three-finger" manner; and yet he is the soul of honor and, in fact, the embodiment of all that is noble and gentle in a man of power and might. His chivalrous love for Marcella is beautiful and intensely pathetic. The proposal scene—on his part all giving and nothing expecting, on Marcella's part all exultation, "boundless, intoxicating," checked later by a nobler feeling—"a quick, penitent sense of his nobleness,"—is drawn with splendid power. Hallin thus admirably sums up the young man's character: "Aldous has never believed in great changes coming suddenly. . . . But for the contriving, unceasing effort of every day to make that part of the social machine in which a man finds himself, work better and more equitably, I have never seen Aldous' equal." Here we clearly have indirectly expressed the chief "moral" of the book, a repetition of the familiar injunction of the catechism; that our duty is not somewhere else, or under other conditions, but rather in that sphere of life to which it has pleased God to call us. How shall we attempt to even outline the character of Marcella! "After all her prophetess airs a

pensive, womanly thing that must surely hear how his strong man's heart was beginning to beat!" "Let her but trust herself to him," she thought, "and she should try her social experiments as she pleased—she should plan Utopias, and he would be her hodman to build them." She finds everything "topsy-turvy and wicked," and at a dinner given in her honor declares to her lover's astonished relations, that if she doesn't do something—the little such a person as she can do—to alter things before she dies, she might as well never have lived! Poor Marcella! Compound of childish vagaries, vixenish contrariness and womanly nobleness! To her finally came the lesson that conservative forces are quite as essential to society as are the radical, and that contempt of class is narrow and unjust. The matured Marcella also came to learn, in the school of suffering and disappointment, that, though she might not reach and bless the millions, she could at least *be* much to some, and that she was blest in being everything, except his conscience-keeper and his God, to one of the noblest of England's true noblemen.

* * *

Another notable book of the month is "Katherine Lauderdale,"* by that most prolific of novelists, F. Marion Crawford. The public has become so accustomed to associate Mr. Crawford with old-world romance, that it is not easy to accept him as an interpreter of life in the new-world metropolis. Were Edgar Fawcett's name upon the title page, the reader could make himself quite at home with the supposed author, recognizing the Fawcett touch, noting, perhaps, a little suggestion of Crawford in the detail work, but attributing that suggestion to the unconscious influence of one author upon another. Mr. Crawford is always interesting. He has the true story-teller's talent to a degree attained by few novelists of our day. No one but Crawford could so long roll a sweet morsel of thought or sentiment under his tongue. No one but he, unless it be Howells, could to the last degree of detail describe the may, can, must, might, could, would and should of every step in the progress of a love affair. No one but Crawford could make up a story such as Katherine Lauderdale, out of meager incident and with almost no plot, the time covering a period of only five days, and then coolly announce at the end that the reader might later, in future novels, learn more about his characters! But, such is the reserve power of this ready writer, that thousands of readers are now indulgently saying, as a lady recently remarked on learning the author's purpose: "Of course, I'll have to read 'Katherine Lauderdale,' for, if I don't, I'll regret it afterwards." The persistent reader of Crawford's novels knows that their author has large reserves of power and is quite likely to develop this aristocratic Lauderdale set into characters and conditions intensely interesting. The author of "Mr. Isaacs" and "Greifenstein" and "Don Orsino" has settled down into the every-day club and society life of our

*Katherine Lauderdale, in two volumes, \$2, published by Macmillan & Co., 66 Fifth Avenue, New York.

metropolis in a realistic story-telling style, which gives no suggestion of the weird, strange tales of other lands which the author's name brings to mind. The charm of Katherine Lauderdale is the simple naturalness of the story. Its weakness is its amplification. He is a public benefactor who can make two ears of corn grow where only one grew before; but as much can hardly be said for a novelist who can make two volumes where a single one would tell the story quite as well.

Katherine Lauderdale is the niece of the rich Mr. Lauderdale, and the younger daughter of a miserly man and a beautiful woman, both of whom look with disfavor upon her lover, John Ralston, because her "Jack" is intemperate and unsuccessful in everything he undertakes. The girl romantically insists on their long courtship ending in a secret marriage, with a prompt after-presentation of the situation to the rich uncle, the same to be accompanied with a plea for employment for the young man. The story turns upon a concurrence of unfortunate circumstances immediately following the secret marriage, which leaves upon the young wife's soul and upon the public mind an impression that Jack has broken his pledges and gone wrong again, whereas his strange conduct actually resulted from a concussion of the brain, the consequence of a hard fall. The uncle is exasperated with Jack's independence; Jack's own mother distrusts him; his newly acquired wife consents to the destruction of his letter of explanation without giving it a reading; and poor Jack has an unhappy time of it all around. But, he soon meets his wife in society; he makes an explanation; they come together and all ends well.

"Not much of a story," you say. No, not much of a story, and yet one that affords not a little intellectual gratification, and more than once does the reader suspend the breath because of his intense solicitude for these very foolish, but interesting young people. Herein lies the Crawford art.

* * *

THE MIDLAND'S experimental offer of special cash prizes to amateur authors was highly gratifying, both in the interest awakened and in the number of contributors. The contributions included in this first competition number two hundred and seventy-six, of which one hundred and ninety-two are original poems and eighty-four are original stories. While, naturally enough, the larger number of these contributions came from Iowans, yet an unexpectedly large number came from subscribers in Nebraska, Minnesota, the Dakotas, Wisconsin, Kansas, Michigan; and, among the other states represented, are Indiana, Kentucky, Montana, Washington, California, Texas, Colorado, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts. As might reasonably be expected, a large majority of these stories and poems are reported by the outside judges (by whom they are being separately considered) as scarcely up to the magazine standard. Many of them, viewed from the critic's standpoint, are without form and void. A considerable number abound in promise and a few are thought to be found up to the high standard raised. The judgment of the literary ladies and

gentlemen, to whom the work has been submitted, varies not so much as to what is good as concerning what is best. The different opinions expressed as to the relative standard of the work necessitate a month's postponement of the announcement of awards. The names of the successful contributors, and of others recommended for honorable mention, also the Prize Story and Prize Poem, with portraits of the winners of the same, will, without fail, appear in *THE MIDLAND* for June. It might be well to add in this connection that a second Story and Poetry competition for cash prizes (\$20 and \$10 respectively), *open to all subscribers* (except professional litterateurs), will close on the 30th of June. These prizes are offered for the purpose of encouraging talent and giving to those who want it an absolutely impartial outside test of relative talent. To obviate the necessity of mutilating the manuscript, the contestants would do well to give some *nom de plume* and on a separate sheet give the real name.

* * *

THE interesting Victoria group of portraits in the Aldrich collection, well reproduced in this number of *THE MIDLAND*, includes six portraits of the Queen and two of the Prince Consort. The Shaksperian quotation in the Queen's handwriting —

"Naught shall make us rue
If England to herself be true."

will be recognized as from "King John."

OTHER NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The "CONTEMPORARY FRENCH WRITERS," with selections by M^{lle} Rosine Melle. Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston.

A "BRAVE BABY AND OTHER STORIES," by Sara E. Wiltse. Ginn & Co., publishers, Boston.

"FEATHERS FOR SHAFTS, OR READINGS IN THE BOOK," by J. Berg Esenwein. Frank J. Boyer, publisher, Reading, Pa.

"THE FLOWER OF FORGIVENESS," by Flora Annie Steel. Macmillan & Co., publishers, Boston.



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

PUBLISHER'S NOTES.

The Western News Company and the several other branches of the American News Company will hereafter handle the trade sale of *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*, placing the magazine on the market in every town in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and other states about us, and in the principal cities of the country from ocean to ocean.

We are able to announce with authority that an article will shortly appear in *THE MIDLAND* from the pen of that grand and gifted woman, Julia Ward Howe, probably a paper of a reminiscent character, on Emerson, Alcott and others of the famous transcendental school of philosophy. Mrs. Howe has also consented to place in the hands of a gifted lady of Des Moines material for a biographical sketch of the famous author of "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," including new material never before in print.

The talented George F. Parker, of Review of Reviews fame, who was honored by President Cleveland with the Birmingham, England, consulship, is under promise to write "a contribution or so," for *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*.

Send in your subscriptions and contributions and take a hand in the June competition for the cash prizes to Amateurs,—\$20.00 for the best original story and \$10.00 for the best original poem. It costs subscribers nothing but return postage, and nobody will be the wiser if you don't win the prize; and, if you do, in addition to the money you get, you also place yourself in the very front rank of amateur authors.

Hon. Henry Wallace contributes to the June *MIDLAND* an able paper on the Scotch-Irish in America, illustrated with numerous portraits. The paper is timely, as this notable class, including Rev. Dr. John Hall, Robert Bonner, and many other notables, will meet in Des Moines early in June.

Memoirs of the War. "The Way We Came — Extracts from the Diary of a Loyal Virginia Woman during the War," by Emma Yarnell Ross, will soon appear in *THE MIDLAND*. Also a well-told sketch from life, "Private John Tompkins," by H. L. Chaffee. Major Byers' story of love and war, "The Last Man of the Regiment," is in the hands of the artist for illustration.

Mary Edith Beynor, of Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, will soon have a fine story of Dominion life, in two numbers of *THE MIDLAND*, title, "Two Men and a Saint."

"The Nebraska and Kansas Bill in 1854," a vigorous historical sketch, will appear in *THE MIDLAND* soon, from the pen of Mr. C. B. Aitchison, of Hastings, the well-known Nebraska correspondent.

A lady who has given much attention to pottery will have an interesting illustrated paper on that subject in an early number of *THE MIDLAND*.

Several rare literary papers will soon appear in *THE MIDLAND*.

Fourth of July and Summer Vacation are just ahead, and money is scarce. Boys—Girls—would you like to make \$2.50 in cash? Here is a way. Get five new subscribers for *THE MIDLAND MONTHLY*; keep \$2.50 and send us \$5.00 in draft or money order, with the five subscribers' names. We will then mail you five receipts, each for \$1.50. These receipts you will hand to your five subscribers, that they may know you have done your work in a business-like way.

"American Individuality" is a suggestive contribution to this magazine, from Professor J. L. Budd, one of the original thinkers of the midland region.

The third instalment of "Nooks and Crannies of Scotland," will describe Balmoral, Abergeldie, Ballater and Perth. Scotchmen and their descendents everywhere are deeply interested in this series. Send your Scotch friends, each, a copy of *THE MIDLAND*.

Octave Thanet will soon have in *THE MIDLAND* a story illustrated with camera views of her own taking.

"John Brown and His Followers in Iowa," by Captain Harris, one of the "followers," is ready for *THE MIDLAND*.

REPRESENTATIVE IOWAN.—Where is your office? I'm coming in to subscribe for the *Midland Monthly* the very next time I visit the Capital.

PUBLISHER *MIDLAND*.—Better send in your subscription at once and call when you can and see what we're doing with it. But that's not answering your question. You know where the Marquardt block is, don't you? On the corner of Locust and Fifth, half way between Hotel Savery and the Equitable Building. Well, *THE MIDLAND* has the front offices on the third floor of the Marquardt block. Take the elevator on Fifth street. "The cost of *THE MIDLAND*?" Only \$1.50 a year, the price of your home weekly. "Illustrated?" Its illustrations and typography rank with the best printed magazines in the world; and as to "reading matter," if you don't find more in *THE MIDLAND* to interest a Midlander than in any other magazine published, I'll give it to you for a year.

REPRESENTATIVE IOWAN.—I'm ashamed to think I haven't subscribed before. The way to build up a midland magazine is to *build it up*; not stand off and wait and see whether it can build itself up without support. Here is my dollar-and-a-half, and I want it to begin with the first number, and when the year is up I'll want to renew."

CASH PRIZE FOR STORIES AND POEMS.

The Second Quarterly Contest of Amateur Authors for Cash Story Prize of \$20.00 and Cash Poetry Prize of \$10.00 will close June 30, 1894. This contest is open to all subscribers for *THE MIDLAND* who are not professionally and regularly engaged in literature.



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FRANK E. PLUMMER, GEN'L MGR.,

CENTRAL OFFICE, DES MOINES, IOWA.

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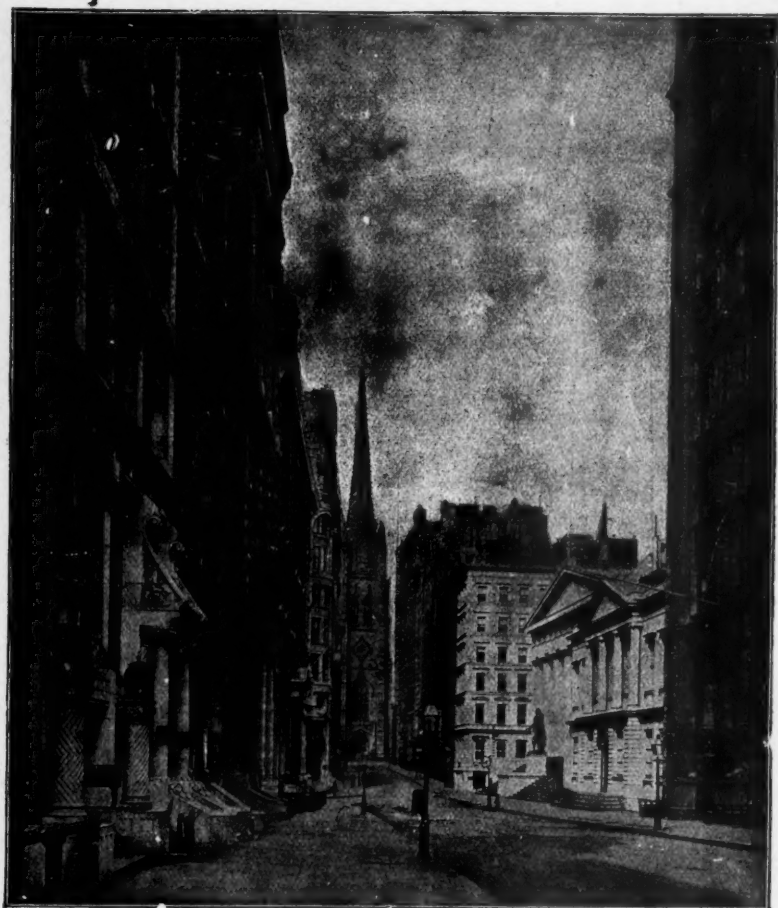
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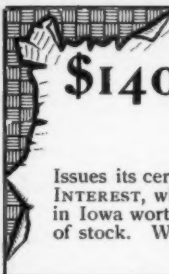


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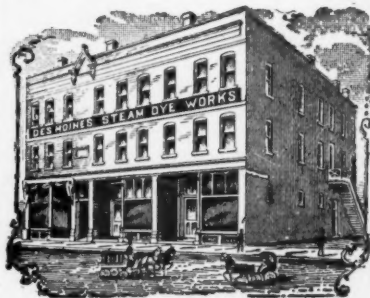
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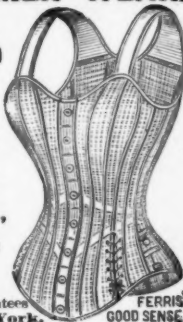
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